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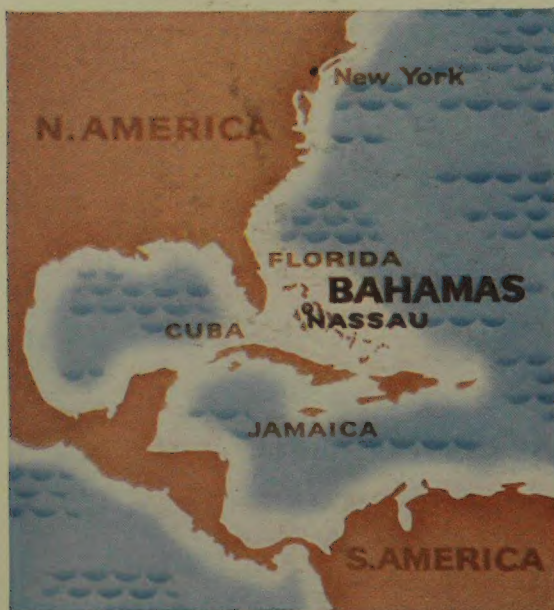
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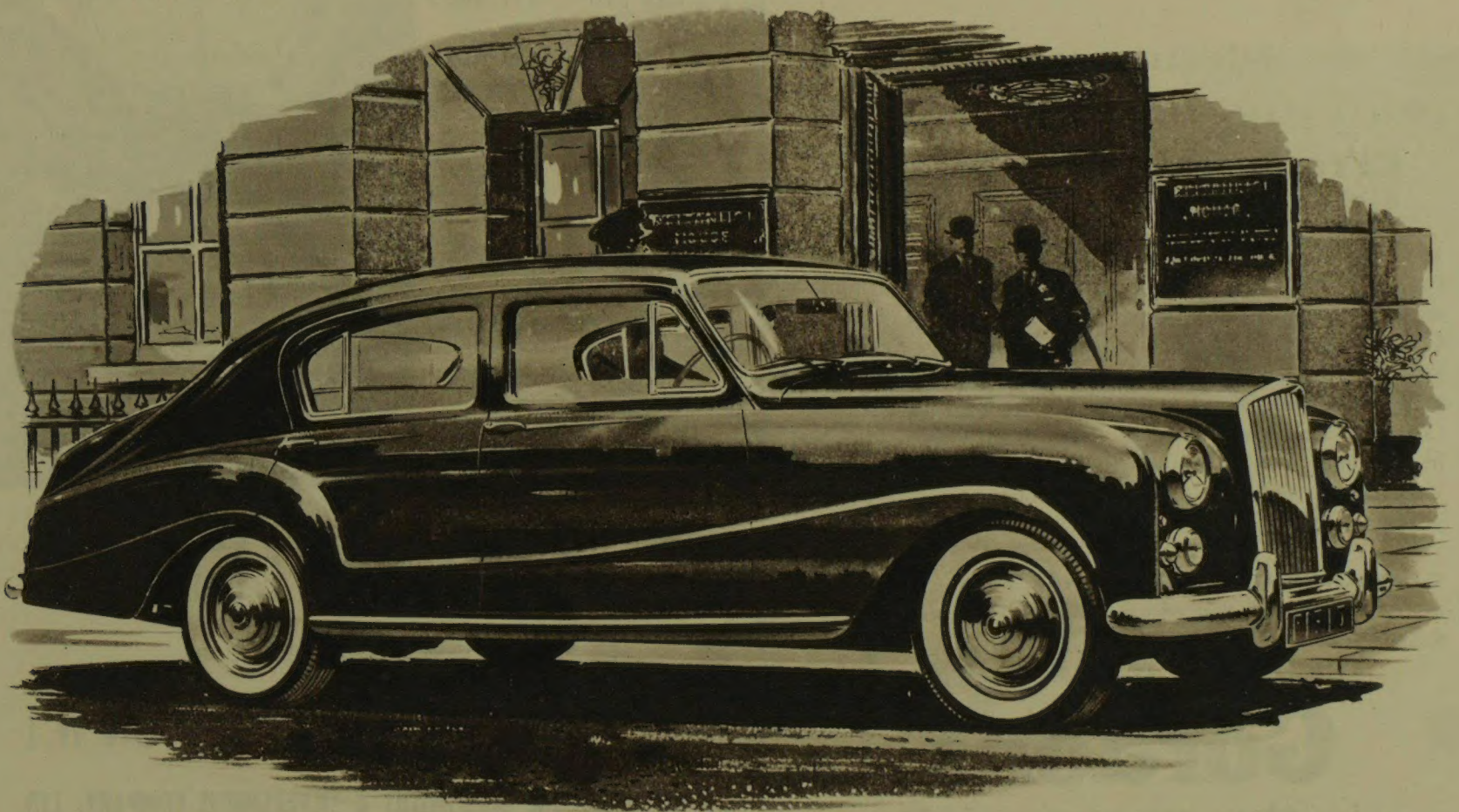
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## too good to grow

When the Conquistadores brought the language of Castile to the New World, riding the trade winds *Los Vientos Alisios* through the Antilles towards El Dorado, they brought also a new name for a root which had been food for men centuries before Columbus came to Hispaniola. *Camote*, the Indians called it: earth-dug, pink-fleshed, yam-shaped, succulent. *Batata*, it became: the Spanish, or Sweetpotato, grown to-day as an important crop in many lands. *If it is worth the growing.*

For this relative of the Morning Glory provides food desired by insects as well as by men, and notably by the Sweetpotato Weevil, *el piche de la batata*. Indeed, infestation by these pests has, in some areas, made the finest varieties of sweetpotato too good to grow, for weevils are discriminating, and the best sweetpotatoes suffer

most. Frequently, three-fourths of the crop may be lost—either in the ground or in subsequent storage, for damage is caused both by adult weevils and by larvae.

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A further case, indeed, of aldrin, the Conquistador.



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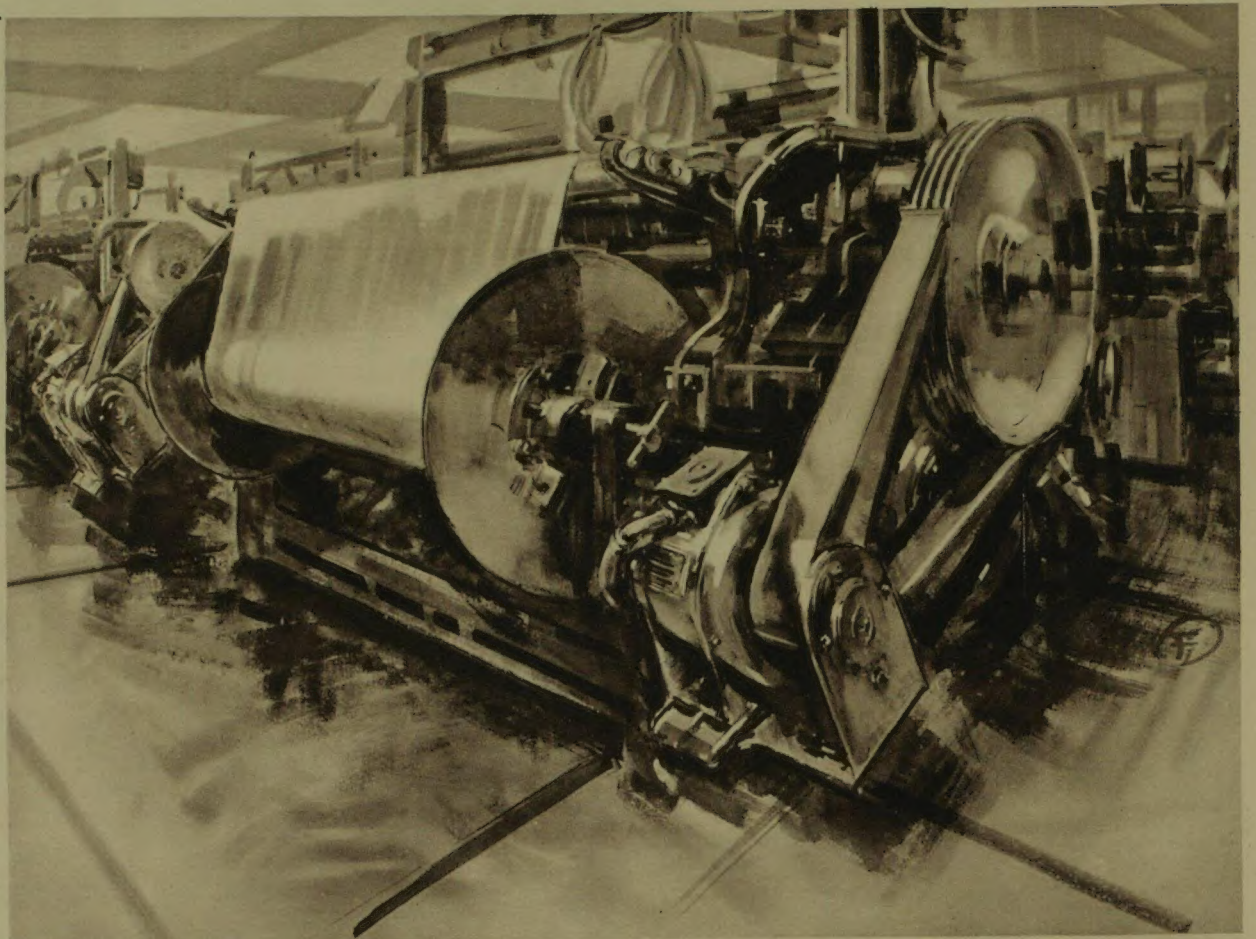
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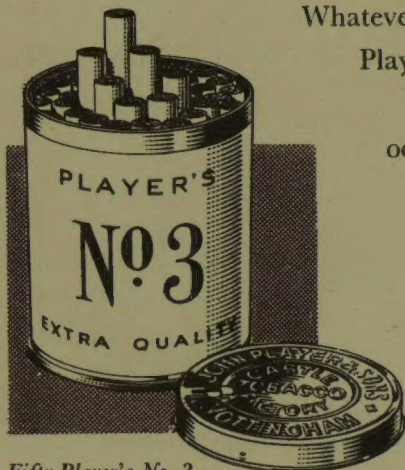
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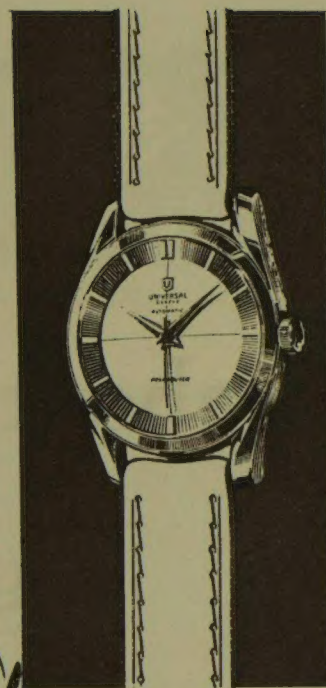


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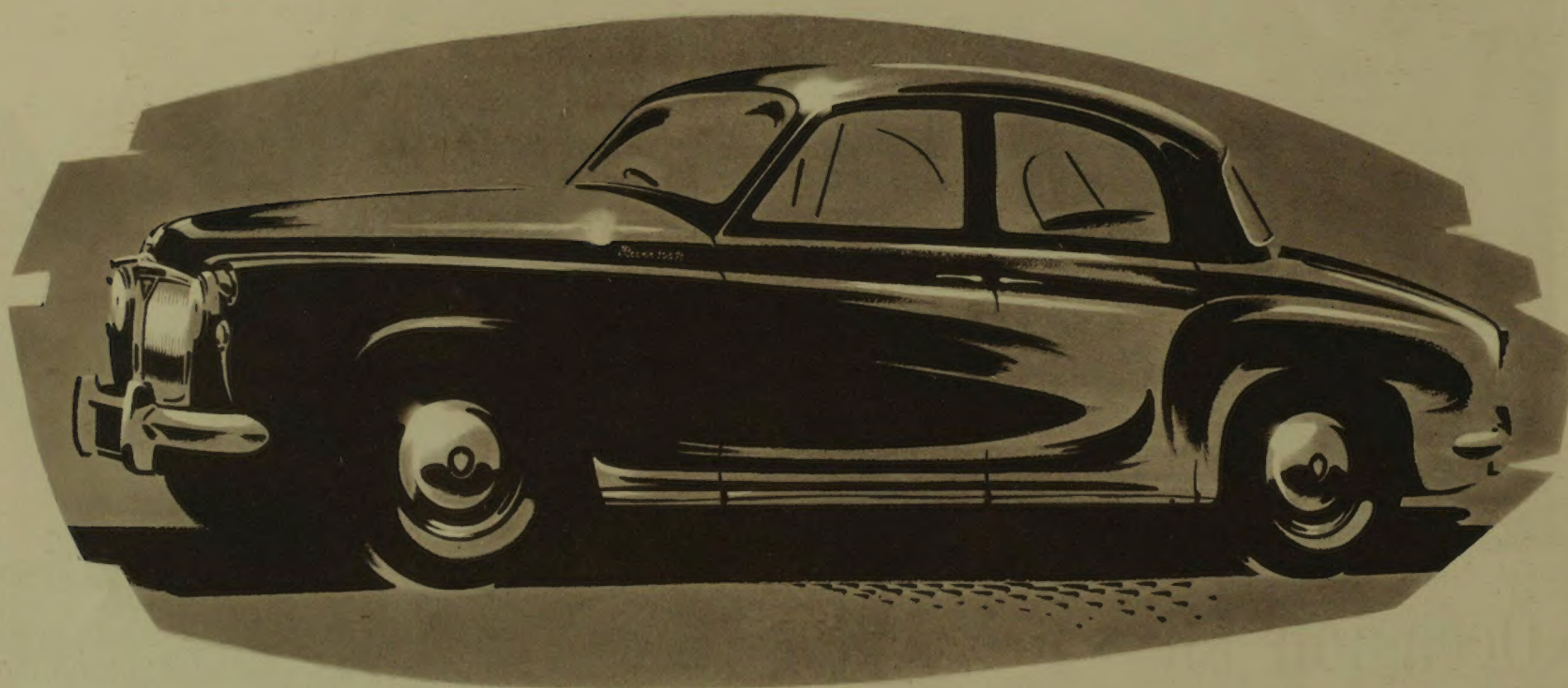
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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1957.



REASSURING AMERICANS AFTER THE SHOCK OF RUSSIA'S SATELLITE ACHIEVEMENTS: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER ON T.V., WITH (RIGHT), THE NOSE CONE OF A U.S. ROCKET WHICH HAD SAFELY RETURNED TO EARTH FROM OUTER SPACE.

On November 7, while the implications of the successful launching of the two Russian earth satellites were still causing deep unrest in the United States, President Eisenhower, speaking from the White House, addressed the American nation in an evening television broadcast. Early in his speech the President said that the United States had at present military power sufficient to bring "near-annihilation to the war-making capabilities

of any other country." To provide some reassurance in the sphere of rocket and space travel research, in which the Russians now have an obvious lead, the President pointed to a large object which, he said, was the nose cone of an American rocket. The object had been fired hundreds of miles into outer space and the great achievement of bringing it safely back through the earth's atmosphere had been successfully accomplished.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A GOOD many thousand years ago—no man knows when—a very remarkable thing happened. A working or rather hunting partnership was formed between two animals, one mainly hairless and walking on its hind legs called Man, and the other covered with fur and moving with much greater speed and agility called Dog. It was probably the most far-reaching event in the history of either species and, for that matter, in its ultimate results, in the life of the world. It enabled man, hitherto a comparatively defenceless and, presumably, much hunted creature, to use his superior intelligence to destroy, with his fierce and quick little partner's help, animals physically much stronger than himself and to establish himself and his progeny, all over the earth's surface, as the dominant arbiter of its fate. All his subsequent achievements, his shepherded flocks and herds and cultivated fields, his barns and dovecots, his walled cities and civilisations, his triumphs of leisured reflection and thought, sprang originally from this act of mutual confidence between himself and a widely differentiated and hitherto hostile animal. How it was brought about, and by what gradual process, it is impossible for us to know, but the fact remains, it happened. The dog came in to the cave and sat by the fire, and the man or his mate threw it a bone. And the two went hunting together, to the dismay and defeat of those they hunted. Ever since, the dog has trusted—and, in the fullness of time, loved—man and has done his best to serve him, while man has fed and, if possessed with discernment, loved the dog in return. It is a far cry from that meeting at the cave's mouth in the old primeval world of fang, tooth and fear to Cruft's Show and the lap-dog reclining in his mistress's luxury flat or limousine, but no further than the transformation of man's life into the high technological civilisation of to-day from the state described in Thomas Hobbes's famous phrase: no arts; no letters, no society; and which is worst of all, continual fear and danger of violent death; and the life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short. In other words, while the dog is grateful to man—to those who know him it sometimes seems touchingly grateful—for his daily bread or bone and his place by the fireside or kennel, man has very considerable reason to be grateful to the dog. For without him he would never have got where he has.

Several thousand years after the dog first went hunting with man, man, his protector, chained him into a small iron globe or cylinder and rocketed him into outer space, where at the time of writing this article, he is travelling, crouched and apparently still living, at 12,000 or more miles an hour and at a distance of anything from 150 miles to 1000 miles from the earth. To anyone who has ever known a dog intimately and has come to understand, not only its astonishing docility and capacity for patient endurance, but its intense longing for company and affection and its terror of loneliness, there is something almost physically painful in the thought of this gentle and friendly creature's ordeal. The brilliant men of high education and genius who catapulted it into those remote skies have announced—so at least the popular newspapers tell us—that they hope to bring it down to earth alive by parachute in a few

days and, though, if they succeed, the portent of the immense power they have harnessed will constitute an even graver threat to the free world than it does already, every man or woman on either side of the Iron Curtain who has ever possessed and loved a dog will rejoice. One knows that, measured in materialistic terms, the sufferings, however intense to itself, of one small dog is an infinitesimally small fragment of the sum total of suffering, both human and animal, that is going on in the world at every moment of the day. Yet it is the essence of the Christian philosophy that still, however remotely, dominates Western thought, that the feelings and inner experience—the soul, that is—of every individual creature is of equal and infinite value to the Creator who gave it the power to feel and experience. "Are not," Christ said, "five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God." Many Christians believe that only human beings

Though times be when the mortal moan  
Seems unascending to Thy throne,  
Though seers do not as yet explain  
Why Suffering sobs to Thee in vain;

We hold that Thy unscanted scope  
Affords a food for final Hope,  
That mild-eyed Consciousness stands nigh,  
Life's loom to lull it by and by.

Therefore we quire in highest height  
The Wellwiler, the kindly Might  
That balances the Vast for weal,  
That purge as by wounds to heal. . . \*

The final answer to all these questions has still to be given; we believe that there is an ultimate answer, beyond our present ken, and that it will correspond to the dictates of love and justice. Marxists and materialists do not believe this; Christians do and must.

So we can neither measure nor redress nor prevent that little dog's sufferings in its confined kennel in space. There are scores of thousands of other creatures suffering all round us, unknown to us; at any moment we ourselves may experience like suffering. It may be that the Russian scientists who have trained their canine collaborator—and victim—to bear its lot with patience and docility so that, from far away, they can measure the beatings of its heart, will retrieve it from space, and restore it to the life of the earth for which, like us, it was born. If they do, it will be made, I suspect, a Hero of the Soviet Union and very properly so, for by its suffering and endurance and by the training that preceded it, it will have added a new and intensely important chapter in that long story of man's co-operation with dog and dog's with man. It may, too, unwittingly have contributed some-

thing towards bringing about sufferings and experiences for mankind as terrible as its own or still more terrible. So far, our Press has been curiously silent about the implications of all this on the human future; those who mould our public opinion through its medium seem to suppose that the Russians, who have apparently outdistanced the Americans and ourselves in their astonishing technical achievement in the use of the upper sky, will content themselves with using it to conquer the moon. It may be that the terrible weapons of retaliation that we or rather our allies possess will discourage, either temporarily or permanently, any use of the Soviet ballistic weapon to seek to establish the rule of the Communist Party on earth. It may be that no such attempt will be made. But he must be a very blind and unimaginative man who cannot see that a great change has come about in the human situation, one that is far more immediately important than our ability or otherwise to reach the moon. We are moving into an age of peril—an age in which we shall no longer be able to take our surroundings and our security for granted. And it may be that as a result we shall learn, as man has learnt before, from peril a greater wisdom and from uncertainty courage and faith.

#### THE NEW H.Q. OF THE U.S. ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION.



OPENED BY PRESIDENT EISENHOWER ON NOVEMBER 8: THE ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION'S NEW HEADQUARTERS AT GERMANTOWN, MARYLAND.

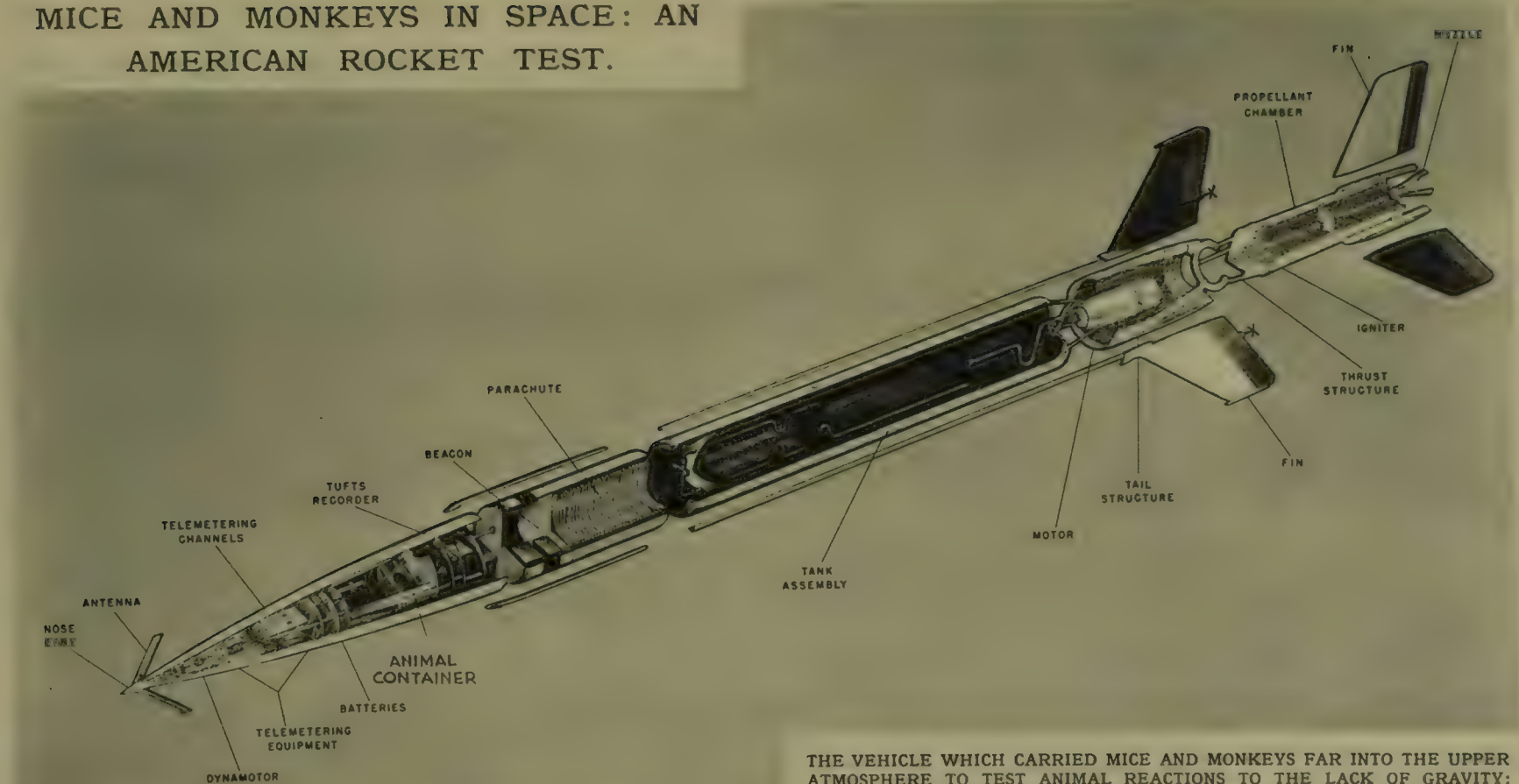
On November 8 President Eisenhower opened the Atomic Energy Commission's new headquarters at Germantown, Maryland, twenty-six miles from Washington, where the previous headquarters were located. It has been reported that the move is unpopular with the staff owing to inadequate housing at Germantown and the lack of direct transport from Washington.

have souls and deny that animals possess them, just as many Mohammedans deny that women have souls, maintaining that they are mere instruments created for man's pleasure or chastisement. But both these propositions seem to me in the light of experience to be transparently untrue. Having lived at different periods of my life, and in each case for a considerable period, in daily and close association with two dogs, both of whom I came to love dearly, I am convinced that dogs are as capable of suffering, rejoicing and loving as any human being. The look in my dog's eyes when he was dying will remain with me until I also go to the grave, just as the looks that I have once or twice seen under similar circumstances in human eyes. If I did not believe that the sufferings and experience of that little dog sent by man into outer space are comprehended by an eternal and loving Spirit that for some inscrutable reason invested all His creatures with the power to feel and love, I should have no faith in God. If I did not also believe that those sufferings will somehow, somewhere, be redeemed by the same just, merciful and all-comprehending Creator I could not believe in Justice.

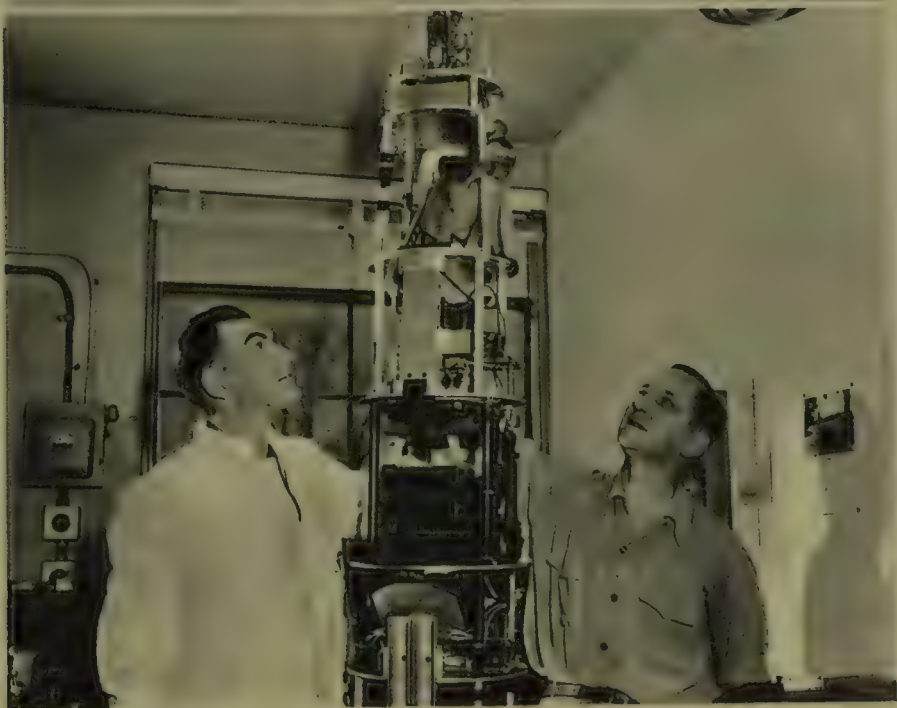
Yea, Great and Good, Thee, Thee we hail,  
Who shak'st the strong, who shield'st the frail,  
Who had'st not shaped such souls as we  
If tender mercy lacked in Thee.



# MICE AND MONKEYS IN SPACE: AN AMERICAN ROCKET TEST.



THE VEHICLE WHICH CARRIED MICE AND MONKEYS FAR INTO THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE TO TEST ANIMAL REACTIONS TO THE LACK OF GRAVITY: AN AMERICAN AEROBEE ROCKET SHOWN DIAGRAMMATICALLY.



IN THE LABORATORY: ONE OF THE TEST MONKEYS INSTALLED IN THE INTERIOR STRUCTURE OF THE NOSE OF THE AEROBEE ROCKET.



AFTER THEIR FLIGHT INTO THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE: TWO MONKEYS, SAFE AND SOUND AFTER A PARACHUTE RECOVERY, WITH TWO SCIENTISTS.



TWO MICE PHOTOGRAPHED DURING THE ZERO GRAVITY PART OF A ROCKET FLIGHT: ONE CLASPS A SHELF (RIGHT), WHILE THE OTHER, AND A BALL, FLOAT FREELY IN THE AIR INSIDE THEIR CYLINDRICAL CONTAINER.



WHEN THE PARACHUTE WAS EXERTING A FORCE EQUAL TO THAT OF GRAVITY: ONE MOUSE AND THE BALL REST ON THE CYLINDER WHILE THE OTHER MOUSE CROUCHES ON ITS SHELF.

*Laika*, the dog in the second Russian earth satellite, is not the only animal to have been fired into the upper atmosphere by rocket, and to have experienced some of the unusual conditions which this kind of adventure involves. Other dogs and other animals have shared the doubtful privilege of being sent far above the earth's surface, and not only in Russia. In the United States in 1952 an *Aerobee* rocket carrying two mice and two anaesthetised monkeys was sent to a height of 37 miles. The animals were recovered by parachute, films and other records having been made of their

behaviour during the flight. The animals apparently suffered no serious ill effects, either during the powerful acceleration at the take-off or during their period of weightlessness, although one mouse, which, unlike the other, was in a chamber in which there was nothing to cling to, found itself floating helplessly in mid-air for a short while. Given something to hold on to, mice can act normally in the weightless state, at least for short periods. In another American test of the same year three mice and five monkeys were sent to a height of 80 miles.



# THE NEW FACE OF THE TEMPLE: A GREAT REBUILDING NEARLY COMPLETE.



SINCE THE WAR THE TEMPLE HAS BEEN THE SCENE OF MUCH REBUILDING: (ON THE LEFT) THE INNER TEMPLE HALL, AND (CENTRE) MIDDLE TEMPLE CLOISTERS.



LOOKING FROM FOUNTAIN COURT TOWARDS THE NEW LAMB BUILDINGS. ON THE RIGHT IS THE ENTRANCE TO MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL.



LOOKING FROM THE EMBANKMENT ACROSS THE GARDENS TO A RANGE OF NEW BUILDINGS: (LEFT TO RIGHT) HARCOURT BUILDINGS, CARPMAEL BUILDINGS, CROWN OFFICE ROW, INNER TEMPLE HALL, AND ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDINGS.



THE NEW QUEEN ELIZABETH BUILDING, OPENED BY THE QUEEN MOTHER ON NOVEMBER 5. IT STANDS ON THE SITE OF THE BOMBED MIDDLE TEMPLE LIBRARY.

Between September 1940 and May 1941, the buildings of the Temple, that peaceful enclave of the law which lies between Fleet Street and the Embankment like a gigantic Oxford college, suffered very severe damage by bombing, the Inner Temple being particularly hard hit; and since the war it has been the scene of intensive rebuilding. Of the more notable buildings, the Inner Temple Hall (of which the foundation-stone was laid by H.M. the Queen in November 1952) came into use in October 1955; and on November 5 this year H.M.



THE NEW ELM COURT, WITH, IN THE END AT THE CENTRE, A PRESERVED ANCIENT BUTTERY WHICH ADJOINS THE END OF THE NEW INNER TEMPLE HALL.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother opened the new Queen Elizabeth Building which stands on the site of the old Middle Temple Library. This new building contains six sets of professional chambers and four sets of residential chambers for Masters of the Bench. Extensive rebuilding has also taken place in Crown Office Row, in No. 2 of which (it will be recalled) Charles Lamb was born. The Temple Church, which suffered severely in the blitz, has now been rebuilt except for the Round, and is once more in use.



# A NEW WORLD WATER-SPEED RECORD: MR. CAMPBELL'S TRIUMPH IN *BLUEBIRD*.



THE RECORD-BREAKING *BLUEBIRD* AT CONISTON JETTY BEFORE THE RECORD RUNS. IN THE VESSEL IS MR. LEO VILLA, CHIEF TECHNICIAN.



IN A FLURRY OF SPRAY, *BLUEBIRD* CRUISES OUT FROM THE JETTY TO THE STARTING-POINT OF THE COURSE ON CONISTON WATER ON NOVEMBER 7.



*BLUEBIRD* AT FULL SPEED DURING THE RECORD-BREAKING RUNS OF 260.107 M.P.H. AND 218.024 M.P.H., GIVING THE FINAL AVERAGE SPEED OF 239.07 M.P.H.

ON November 7, on Coniston Water, Mr. Donald Campbell established a new world water-speed record of 239.07 m.p.h., thus breaking his own record of 225.63 m.p.h. by 13.44 m.p.h. This new record—which is, of course, subject to confirmation by the Union of International Motor-boating in Brussels—was made in his hydroplane *Bluebird*, which is powered by a Metropolitan-Vickers jet engine. His first run over the measured kilometre was timed at 260.107 m.p.h., running from north to south; turning without refuelling, he made the second run at a speed of 218.024 m.p.h., the reduction in speed being due to the swell on the lake. This gave the average which constitutes the new record speed. After the two runs, Mr. Campbell said: "I had a real pasting. . . . *Bluebird* was just leaping all over the place. . . . At one time Leo (Mr. L. Villa, chief technician of the *Bluebird* team) told me (by radio) the nose was up. If the nose had lifted three and a half degrees the boat would have gone over backwards."

(Right.) *BLUEBIRD* ON HER TOES: IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH IT IS QUITE CLEAR THAT THE HULL IS RIGHT OUT OF THE WATER, ONLY THE FINS BREAKING THE SURFACE.



THE RECORD-BREAKER: MR. DONALD CAMPBELL, STANDING UP IN THE DRIVING-SEAT, AFTER HE HAD TRIUMPHANTLY BROKEN HIS OWN PREVIOUS RECORD.



CONGRATULATIONS FOR MR. DONALD CAMPBELL FROM HIS POODLE MAXIE, AFTER THE TWO RUNS ON CONISTON WATER WHICH BROKE THE EXISTING RECORD OF 225.63 M.P.H.



## CANADA—THE EARLY DAYS OF A GREAT NATION.

"THE WHITE AND THE GOLD. The French Regime in Canada." By THOMAS B. COSTAIN.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

SOME years ago a group of writers decided that the time had come for a larger and more comprehensive history of Canada. The job seemed too much for one man, so periods were allotted and to Mr. Costain fell the earliest. In a sense he can be described as "a born writer," or something very like it, for, the publishers tell us: "By the time he was seventeen he had written three novels." The next words are not so surprising; they are: "and had them all rejected." He became a journalist. Then "From Toronto he went to Philadelphia, where for many years he was Chief Associate Editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Later he became story editor for 20th Century-Fox and then an editor with the American publishing house of Doubleday.

"It was not," the story proceeds, "until he was fifty-five that he tired of editing other people's work and decided to take up writing again himself. Since then he has written a succession of books that have made him the biggest selling author of his time." Well, I suppose that I must take the publisher's word for it; but, whatever the sales of Mr. Costain may have been in Newfoundland and Labrador, his name and fame, until now, have never reached me. Amongst his previous books are a study of Joshua's leadership, a novel about Rome in the days of Christ, and two parts of a "Pageant of England." What with that, and his biographical record, one would expect to find in his new book a lively sense of the picturesque and the dramatic and a journalistic tendency to touch things up a little. So it turns out. His qualities make his book extremely readable, while the tendency to graphic journalism becomes evident in the very first chapter. On page 1, where he gives an account of John Cabot's arrival in Bristol, he says: "little attention was paid at first to this dark-complexioned, soft-spoken foreigner." Three pages later we are informed that "There is no record of his appearance, whether he was tall or short, stocky or thin. His nationality suggests that he was dark of complexion, but even this remains pure speculation"—I wonder that he doesn't suggest later on that Cabot, being a northern Italian, may well have been fair-complexioned. However, when he was working for the Film Company I don't suppose he had to be over-scholarly about accuracy of detail, and I must admit that as he proceeded to unroll his great panoramic Canadian scenario I was so held by both the main and the subsidiary stories that details ceased to worry me, while Mr. Costain's sources for later information are full enough to prevent him continuing with such sentences as "It is probable that he had audience with the King before the letters patent for the first voyage were issued, although there is no record of such. That the Great Admiral was granted a hearing after returning in triumph can be taken for granted; and it is likely that more hearings followed."

Cabot's first fleet dropped anchor at Cape Breton Island, where he erected a cross bearing the flag of England and the banner of St. Mark's of Venice—which city had made him a citizen a few years before; the leader and his sons were Genoese, but the expedition otherwise was wholly English. His second expedition, financed by London and Bristol merchants, was on a far larger scale and carried 300 seamen and some priests who had been promised bishoprics in Cathay—which, in fact, was 10,000 miles farther than either Columbus or Cabot ever sailed. The coasts of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia were explored, but not an inhabitant was seen, and the ships returned with none of the heaps of silks and jewels and gold which the financiers had expected, but merely some cargoes of fish. "Nothing was done to colonise the lands which Cabot had found, although the fisheries of Newfoundland were developed by enterprising captains from Bristol, St. Malo, and the Basque and Portuguese ports. While Spain was achieving world leadership through the wealth which followed her vigorous conquest of the continent Columbus had discovered, the Tudor monarchs made only ineffectual efforts to follow up the discoveries of Cabot . . . the grant of ten pounds by a

parsimonious king to the man who had found a continent may have put a damper on individual enterprise in following up his exploit and so resulted in the temporary loss of this great land which later would be called Canada."

Henry VIII did attempt a new start, but the merchants no longer had a stomach for adventure and "it was only in response to the King's hectoring that they finally equipped two of the smallest ships they could find, named the *Samson* and the *Mary of Guildford*. The unlucky *Samson*, caught in a mid-Atlantic storm, went down with all on board, but the *Mary* weathered the blow and conducted a reconnaissance of the American coast which ended off the island of Puerto Rico. Here she encountered a welcome from the Spanish in the form of a salvo of cannon fire. The *Mary* very sensibly turned about and sailed for home."

For a time nobody did anything much about North America, which Cabot had discovered, though the Spaniards were soon building

NOW IN A CANADIAN GALLERY: A MODEL OF CHAMPLAIN'S SHIP *DON DE DIEU*.



IN THE SIGMUND SAMUEL COLLECTION IN THE CANADIANA GALLERY IN TORONTO: A SCALE MODEL OF *DON DE DIEU*, MADE BY MR. J. B. GLOSSOP, OF LONDON.

While there is no picture in existence of Champlain's ship *Don de Dieu* it is known that her tonnage was from 120-150 tons. As merchant ships lagged behind warships in development by some fifty years, Mr. J. B. Glossop, the well-known London model-maker, has based his model of *Don de Dieu* on the lines of a European warship of about 1550. His information was obtained from drawings, prints and other sources, and from assistance given to him by the National Maritime Museum and the Science Museum, so as to ensure as great an accuracy as possible within the limits of available knowledge. This model, shown above, was commissioned by Dr. Sigmund Samuel for permanent exhibition in his fine collection in The Canadiana Gallery, a branch of the Royal Ontario Museum, in Queen's Park, Toronto. Two other models by Mr. Glossop are already in the collection, one of *Vanguard* of 1748 and the other of *Mayflower*. Dr. Sigmund Samuel, who is one of Canada's leading benefactors, celebrated his ninetieth birthday on October 24.

N.B.—This photograph is not reproduced from the book reviewed on this page.

cathedrals and palaces in the countries of the Aztecs and the Incas. "The thought of colonisation does not seem to have entered the calculations of anyone. They were still looking for the magic passage which would give an entrance to Cathay and the easy rewards of gold . . . and rich fabrics. One of the most resourceful of the explorers was a nobleman of the Azores, named Gaspar Corte-Real, who sailed from Lisbon and was the first to penetrate into Hudson Strait. He packed the holds of his two ships with natives and took them back to Portugal, where they were sold as slaves." Later the slave trade took a westward, instead of an eastward, course; and, alas, under another flag.

This is where the French came in. They, like other western peoples, had become familiar with

the Grand Banks and their swarming cod; but it was the pioneer Jacques Cartier who, in 1534, guessed at the existence of the great river which poured into the sea behind Newfoundland and found, on the south side of the Gulf, an island of which he said "One acre of this land is worth more than all the New Land."

Here at last was a territory in contrast to the harsh, bare, bleak places which the Cabots had found. "It was wonderful country. The heat of July had covered the open glades with white and red roses. There were berries and currants in abundance and a wild wheat with ears shaped like barley. The trees were of many familiar kinds, white elm, ash, willow, cedar, and yew. To the north and west were high hills, but these were vastly different from the stern mountains of Newfoundland and the barrenness of the north shore. There was friendliness in their green-covered slopes and a welcome in their approach to the water's edge."

A cross was erected with the inscription "Vive le roy de France." Cartier knew that he had founded an Empire. For over 200 years his compatriots, Champlain at their head and Bishop Laval of Quebec (a surname later befouled) as their most heroic character, swarmed across the Atlantic to found a new France, with old traditions of seigneurie and priesthood, which still persist, though the traditions of Old France have largely died out in a land of squabbling Republicans, countless parties, and a new Government every few months. The French in Canada can have a continuing pride in their history, and they hold their equal heads up in Canada.

In this book there is the story of all their long pioneering up innumerable rivers and through interminable forests, with dangerous beasts always on the pounce and the ghastliest, torturing, cannibalistic Red Indians lurking amongst the trees. French gentlemen and French Jesuits were always in the lead; the steady expansion, with all its hardships, and amid all the snows, is beautifully told here; many a noble character is resuscitated and many a dramatic scene revived.

The French came in (the British, later on, came in also with the Hudson's Bay Company, trading in furs, of which that versatile cavalry-commander, scientist and etcher, Prince Rupert, was once Governor and Sir Winston Churchill is now Grand Seigneur) and settled in the more salubrious parts, which England might, long ago, have colonised. Mr. Costain, unfortunately, closes his book in the reign of Queen Anne; he does not tell us how the French Government (though not the French population) left the Canada it had founded. Wolfe and Montcalm and the scaling of the Heights of Abraham have no place in his book.

No place, either, is held for conjectures as to what would have happened to French Canada had there not been waged in Europe one more of our tragic and silly wars with France. It may well be that, the French Revolution having occurred, that unscrupulous crook Napoleon would have sold Canada to the U.S.A. But would the Canadians have stood it. That all belongs to the science of hypotheticals—the term is not mine, but Lord Samuel's long ago.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 854 of this issue.



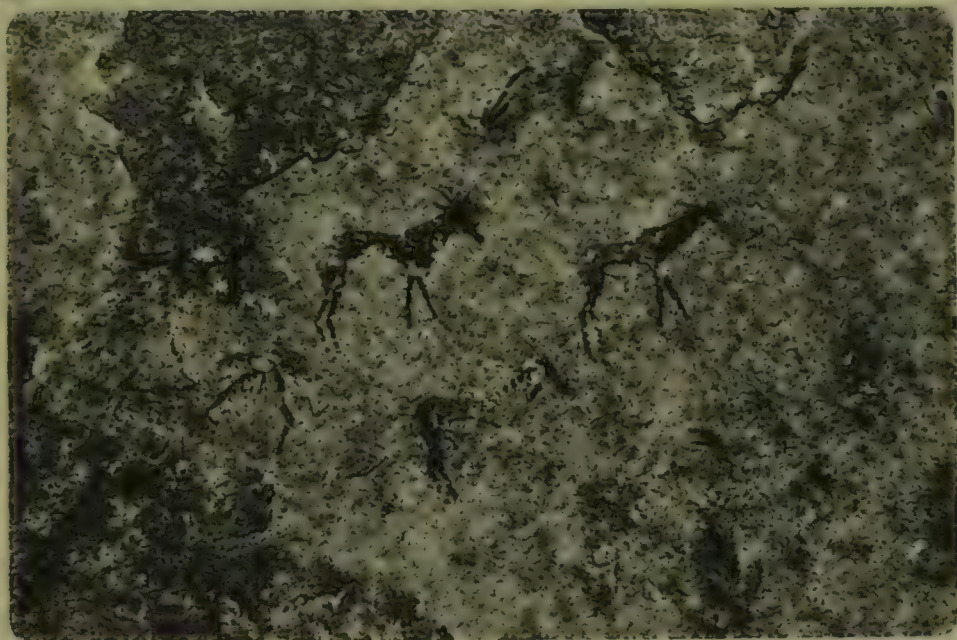
THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. THOMAS COSTAIN.

Mr. Thomas Costain was born in Brantford, Ontario. He entered journalism immediately he left school and soon became an editor on *McLean's Magazine*. For many years he was Chief Associate Editor of the *Saturday Evening Post* and later became story editor for 20th-Century Fox, and then an editor with the American publishing house of Doubleday. At the age of fifty-five he took up writing again and now has a large number of books to his credit including: "The Silver Chalice"; "Ride With Me" and "The Tontine."

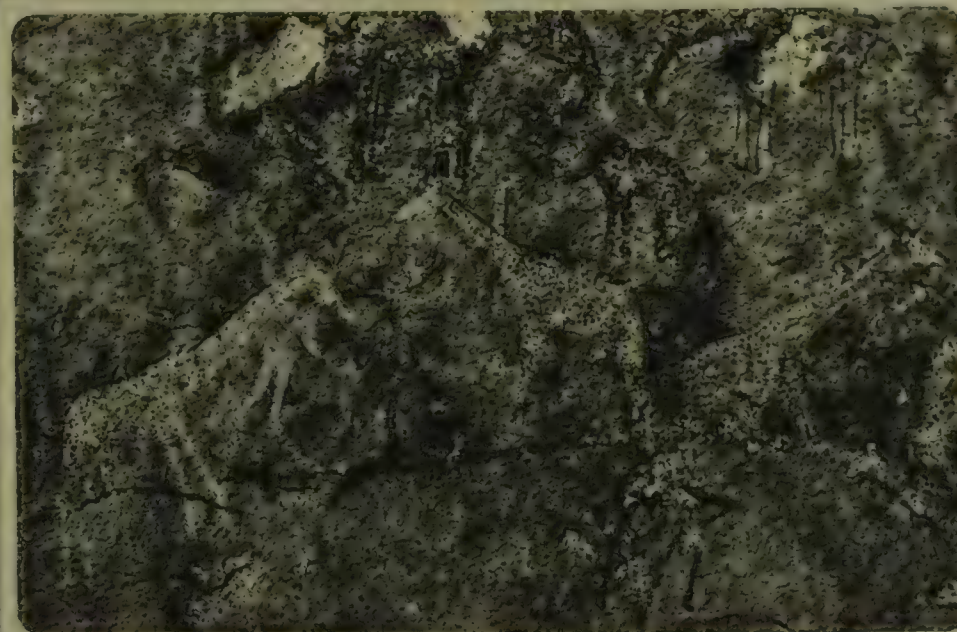
\* "The White and the Gold. The French Régime in Canada." By Thomas B. Costain. (Collins; 30s.)



# A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



SOUTHERN RHODESIA. BELIEVED TO BE ONE OF THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS EVER TAKEN OF THE CAVE PAINTINGS IN THE NTSWERU CAVE, NEAR GWANDA.



GIRAFFE, ELEPHANT AND HUMAN FIGURES IN THE NTSWERU CAVE, SOME OF WHICH HAVE BEEN OBLITERATED BY LATER INHABITANTS OF THE SITE.



THE SCENE OF THE ROCK PAINTINGS SHOWN ABOVE: THE DRAMATIC FOLDS OF WATER-STRIPPED GRANITE OF THE LITTLE-KNOWN NTSWERU CAVE.

## SOUTHERN RHODESIA: CAVE PAINTINGS AT NTSWERU.

THESE cave paintings were photographed—for the first time, it is believed—during a recent visit to the site by Mr. G. H. Bishop. The cave lies inside a special Native Area, in which Europeans are not allowed to move or live except with special permission. It was approached by a drive of more than 100 miles from Bulawayo to Gwanda, on the main road to Beitbridge. From Gwanda, there was a further (rough) drive of some twelve miles over dirt roads and into the bush, followed by an ascent on foot of the Ntsweru hill (in the Gwalinyema Hills).

## LAIKA AND AN EARLY AMERICAN ROCKET TRAVELLER.

LAIKA, the dog in the second Russian earth satellite, is not the first animal to have been sent by rocket miles above the earth's surface. As long ago as 1952 it was reported that for the past four years secret tests had been carried out in the United States, and that mice and monkeys had been sent to a height of about eighty miles. (An account of one of these flights, in which the animals went up to about forty miles, appears on another page in this issue.) But to Laika, who at the time of writing was still travelling in space at altitudes of up to about 1000 miles, must go the honour of being the world's first real pioneer into outer space. Although many of the animals of the American tests and those used in more recent high-altitude tests in the Soviet Union have been recovered safely, the fate of Laika was, on going to press, still uncertain. She was, however, reported to be still alive.



THE U.S.A. AN EARLY ROCKET TRAVELLER: A MONKEY, NOW IN A WASHINGTON ZOO, WHICH WENT UP TO 200,000 FT. IN AN AMERICAN ROCKET IN 1952.



THE U.S.S.R. THE WORLD'S PIONEER INTO OUTER SPACE: LAIKA, HERE SEEN BEFORE BEING PLACED IN THE SECOND RUSSIAN EARTH SATELLITE.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



(Left.)  
SPAIN. A NEW  
GIANT RISES BEHIND  
CERVANTES' DON  
QUIXOTE IN THE  
HEART OF MADRID:  
THE TORRE DE  
MADRID BUILDING.

The Torre de Madrid,  
overlooking the Plaza  
de Espana in Madrid,  
will be 410 ft. high  
when completed. It  
is claimed that it will  
be the highest building  
in Europe; it  
should be finished in  
about two years' time.

(Right.)  
SPAIN. THE  
CHANGING FACE OF  
MADRID: A VIEW OF  
THE TORRE DE  
MADRID BUILDING  
(LEFT), WHICH WILL  
HAVE THIRTY-FOUR  
STOREYS WHEN IT IS  
COMPLETED.



ETHIOPIA. AT THE STATE OPENING OF THE FIRST ELECTED ETHIOPIAN PARLIAMENT:  
EMPEROR HAILE SELASSIE MAKING HIS "SPEECH FROM THE THRONE."



ETHIOPIA. DURING THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT:  
A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SENATORS AND DEPUTIES IN THE CHAMBER.  
On November 2 the Emperor of Ethiopia, Haile Selassie I, opened the first elected  
Ethiopian Parliament, in Addis Ababa. The election of members of the Chamber of  
Deputies, the Lower House of the Ethiopian Parliament, was provided for under a new  
law. The appointment of Senators remains the prerogative of the Emperor.



PARIS. WHILE M. GAILLARD, FRANCE'S NEW PRIME MINISTER, EXPLAINED HIS PROGRAMME:  
A GENERAL VIEW OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY ON NOVEMBER 5.

On November 5, M. Félix Gaillard, whose thirty-eighth birthday fell on that day, was voted into  
office as Prime Minister by the National Assembly by 337 votes to 173, after a political crisis that  
had lasted for thirty-six days. Only the Communists and Poujadists voted against him.



PARIS. THE YOUNGEST PRIME MINISTER IN FRANCE'S HISTORY: M. FELIX GAILLARD  
MAKING HIS INVESTITURE SPEECH IN THE FRENCH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.



# A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



**NEW YORK.** AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: MR. TED WILLIAMS, ON *TIM II*, RECEIVING THE PRESIDENT OF MEXICO TROPHY AFTER HIS VICTORY IN THE INTERNATIONAL JUMPING EVENT. On November 8 Mr. Ted Williams, of Great Britain, on *Pegasus and Tim II*, won the President of Mexico trophy for a rider and two horses in the evening event of the New York International Horse Show. On the previous day Miss Dawn Palethorpe, riding *Earlsrath Rambler*, won the Royce A. Drake trophy in the international jumping competition and scored Britain's first triumph at the show.



**NEW YORK.** AFTER WINNING THE DRAKE MEMORIAL TROPHY: MISS DAWN PALETHORPE RECEIVING THE TROPHY FROM MRS. R. RANLET AND MR. WHITNEY STONE.



**EGYPT.** AFTER AN EIGHT-STORY BUILDING COLLAPSED IN CAIRO, KILLING FOURTEEN PEOPLE: RESCUE WORKERS COMBING THE WRECKAGE. On November 2 an eight-storey building, which was built about five years ago, suddenly collapsed in Cairo. There were about a hundred occupants, most of whom escaped safely after a policeman had raised the alarm. Some fourteen bodies were later found beneath the debris.



**TURKEY.** ON THE BRINK OF DISASTER: A BUS HANGING OVER THE SIDE OF A BRIDGE NEAR IZMIR AFTER IT HAD COLLIDED WITH ANOTHER BUS. This was the scene after two buses collided on a bridge near Izmir, in Turkey. One crashed through the parapet and remained hanging over the side of the bridge. A young mother, who leapt from the bus, was killed and her baby injured.



**CYPRUS.** BEFORE LEAVING FOR LONDON: SIR JOHN HARDING, THE RETIRING GOVERNOR, AT NICOSIA AIRPORT ON NOVEMBER 4. Field Marshal Sir John Harding, the retiring Governor of Cyprus, left Nicosia, with Lady Harding, in a R.A.F. *Comet* aircraft on November 4. In a farewell broadcast on Cyprus radio Sir John said that the real menace to the future of the island was international Communism.



**FRANCE.** IN A PARIS RESTAURANT SHORTLY AFTER HE HAD BECOME PRIME MINISTER: M. FELIX GAILLARD CUTTING HIS BIRTHDAY CAKE. On November 5, the day he became Prime Minister of France, M. Félix Gaillard celebrated his success and his 38th birthday which fell on that day. Our photograph shows him, seated next to his wife, cutting his cake which was modelled on the Palais-Bourbon.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



**NEW YORK.** AT THE LAYING UP OF THE U.S. NAVY'S LAST BATTLESHIP IN SERVICE: U.S.S. *WISCONSIN* (45,000 TONS) IN THE NORTH RIVER, NEW YORK. After a farewell cruise from Norfolk, Virginia, to New York, the last battleship in service of the U.S. Navy, U.S.S. *Wisconsin*, was taken out of service on November 5 and is to go "into moth-balls" at Bayonne, New Jersey, with her sister giants.



**CASABLANCA, MOROCCO.** AT THE OPENING OF A CONFERENCE OF MOROCCAN WOMEN, KING MOHAMMED (CENTRE) LISTENS WHILE PRINCESS LALLA AISHA SPEAKS. November 18 is being celebrated in Morocco as the thirtieth anniversary of the accession of H.M. King Mohammed V of Morocco and will be a national holiday. Our photograph, which was taken earlier this year, shows the King with his daughter H.R.H. Princess Lalla Aisha and, on his left hand, the Crown Prince, H.R.H. Prince Moulay Hassan.



**NEW YORK.** A CONTRAST IN LUXURY TRAVEL: A NEW EXECUTIVE HELICOPTER, THE VERTOL 44, SEEN ABOVE THE FRENCH LUXURY LINER *LIBERTE*.

This helicopter, claimed as the largest designed for executive air travel, made its New York City debut on November 6 when it flew from the 30th Street heliport to the Westchester Country Club. "Vertol" is the new name for the Piasecki helicopters; and this aircraft carries ten passengers.



**RUSSIA.** A CONTRAST IN HELICOPTERS: THE HUGE WEIGHT-LIFTING MI-6 SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND WITH, IN FRONT, THE SMALL GENERAL-PURPOSE MI-1. Both these Russian helicopters are by the same designer, Mikhail L. Mil', who has been concerned with Russian helicopter design since at least 1930. The MI-6 is credited with lifting 12,000 kilograms (about 11½ tons) to a height of about 10,000 ft.



**EN ROUTE FOR MEXICO.** THE FIRST OF TWO BRISTOL *BRITANNIA* 302 AIRLINERS TAKING-OFF ON ITS DELIVERY FLIGHT TO AERONAVES DE MEXICO.

The first of two *Britannia* 302s ordered by Aeronaves de Mexico was welcomed on arrival at Mexico City on November 4. It had flown there by way of Prestwick, Goose Bay and Miami, a distance of 6300 miles. It is expected to go into service early in December.



**RENTON, U.S.A.** THE FIRST OF THE BOEING 707 JET STRATOLINERS, BEING ROLLED OUT OF THE RENTON PLANT IN WASHINGTON STATE ON OCTOBER 28.

The *Jet Stratoliner*, which will go into service early in 1959, is claimed as the largest and fastest jet airliner in the world, with a speed of 600 m.p.h. and accommodation for 109 to 125 passengers, according to the degree of luxury provided.



THE fortieth anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution of 1917 was marked by a long address by Mr. Khrushchev to the session of the Supreme Soviet. He spoke at a moment of triumph, while two Russian earth-satellites were encircling the globe. He referred to Russian scientific, economic, and social progress. Yet his oration was addressed even more to an audience outside Russia than to his immediate audience, or even to the country as a whole. On reading his words one's first fleeting impression was that we had been here before. A moment's reflection, however, was enough to bring conviction that this view was fallacious. We have not gone back to the days before the suppression of freedom in Hungary.

There was no flirtation, no courtship, this time. That atmosphere is proved to have been deceptive and is not likely to be re-created in Mr. Khrushchev's time. "Friendship" was the keynote of the earlier approach. To talk of it now would be an obvious entry into the world of make-believe. "Good relations" is now put forward as an objective. We do not know whether good relations can be achieved, but we recognise the aim as more realistic. And we can readily admit that it is desirable, more so than ever.

If the speaker had been out to define the deepest chasm dividing the two camps he could not have done so more clearly. He condemned without reservation any attempt to liberalise or humanise Communism or the Communist system of government. Those so-called Communists who were in favour of Socialism without the dictatorship of the proletariat and without the leadership of the working class and the Communist Party were, he said, traitors to the cause. He instanced Imre Nagy and Djilas. Some of us may be prepared to regard the dictatorship of an individual as a phase in national development or recovery which is not to be condemned without reflection. The perpetual dictatorship of a class is repugnant to those who favour genuine freedom. The democrat is never hostile to organised labour, but it arouses intense anxiety in him whenever it shows signs of usurping the functions of government or seeking to place itself above the law.

Communist rule in Russia is more repellent still because it is based on a pretence. The "proletariat" which exercises dictatorship is a handful of the population only—the rest of the proletariat has no say in any public affairs and is submitted to the most rigorous control and discipline. A disquieting feature of Western civilisation is to be found in the opinion of many who are not Communists, and some of whom dislike Communism, that this is becoming an inevitable state of affairs. They have come to believe, first, that the complexity of modern civilisation demands it, and, secondly, that the very forces of this civilisation are steadily marching towards it, irrespective of the wishes of the vast majorities within it. These seceders are not yet

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. KHRUSHCHEV MARKS AN ANNIVERSARY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

numerous, but their creed might represent the *trahison des clercs* of the future.

Speaking of economics and the achievements of science, Mr. Khrushchev was batting on an easy wicket. His remark that the Soviet superiority in the training of scientists had been admitted by the capitalist countries was natural and admissible, even if it was by no means true of all branches of science. As much can be said for his claim that higher and technical schools in Russia are now being attended by over 4,000,000 students, as against 182,000 in the year 1914. He went on to prophesy that the natural resources of the Soviet Union depicted future development in lines of grandeur and magnificence. He admitted that in products of utility Russia lagged behind the United States; and timber, wheat, and sugar, in which Russia has gone ahead, are primary

### THE RUSSIAN FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY PARADE.



TWO HEAVY GUNS, OFFICIALLY DESCRIBED AS "JET-TYPE" AND BELIEVED CAPABLE OF FIRING SHELLS WITH ATOMIC WAR-HEADS: NOTABLE NEW WEAPONS IN THE MOSCOW PARADE ON NOVEMBER 7.

As reported elsewhere in this issue, the fortieth anniversary of the October revolution was celebrated in Moscow with a huge parade and impressive show of force in the Red Square. The principal emphasis lay on rocket missiles of various types; but these two huge self-propelled guns attracted a great deal of attention. Estimates of size suggest that the barrels are nearly 50 ft. long and that the outside diameter of the guns is about 16 ins. with a calibre of about 13 ins. To some Western experts they appeared too heavy for their carriages and recoil mechanisms.

products, in which science plays a minor, even if a still important rôle.

Mr. Khrushchev did not foretell the millennium at home, as some Soviet orators and propagandists have in the past. Defects existed and difficulties were being met. An acute housing shortage was acknowledged. The housing programme aimed at eliminating this shortage within the next ten to twelve years. He did not deal with a subject which must have been in his mind and the minds of his hearers, that housing is not merely a matter of houses, but also of what they contain. It is in comfort and amenities in any form that Soviet Russia lags farthest behind the more highly civilised countries. Recent travellers tell us that hotels are primitive beyond belief. In some cases these have been built for tourists and presumably to do credit to the country; in others they have been adapted for the same purposes. The system which has produced the sputniks has produced precious few up-to-date bathrooms.

The comments of foreign affairs in general contained little that was new. Mr. Khrushchev spoke

of a savage struggle for influence in colonial and "semi-colonial" countries between the "imperialist groups," the United States and Britain. A more interesting comment was that the former was practising a new form of colonial policy, declaring that a vacuum existed and that American power was called on to fill it. The familiar accusations that a plot of some kind—does Mr. Khrushchev then not know what kind?—was being woven against Syria were trotted out; they were making use of Israel in this "dirty game" and pushing Turkey into provocation.

The most important part of the address lay in the declaration that Soviet Russia had never had the intention of attacking, and never would attack, anyone, so long as the Soviet Union was not itself attacked, and in the suggestion that there should be a high-level conference between capitalist and Socialist States. The objects of this would be: the banning of war as a method of solving international problems; the ending of the cold war and of the armaments race; the establishment of relations between states on the basis of co-existence; and the settlement of disputes, not by war, but by peaceful competition economically, culturally, and in the better satisfaction of the needs of mankind.

Here are all the remedies for the ills and fears of the world, at all events all the political remedies and some of the economic. No theoretic objection can be advanced against such a programme. Some qualifications, however, cannot be avoided. "High-level" is looked on as a word of power, a charm to ensure results. In a number of cases it has proved the contrary. A conference on the professional level, or at least very careful preparation of an agreed programme, is necessary to make ready the way. Without this a high-level conference is almost certain to yaw between platitudes and fruit-

less argument. The final effect may well prove harmful rather than helpful, even presuming that both sides have entered into the business with the hope of making it a success. So much can be concluded on the basis of experience and probability.

Even when agreement is reached on an item it may have little or no meaning unless that item has been clothed with significance. What does the banning of war imply? War was banned or "outlawed" in the Kellogg Pact of 1928, which was followed eleven years later by the greatest war in history. The nations have been trying to end the armaments race for several years, without any progress. The last item on Mr. Khrushchev's agenda is unsubstantial. Few people in this country will condemn out of hand the proposal for a high-level conference, but it must be the sort of conference which has some prospect of achieving good results. Moreover, the acts of Mr. Khrushchev have not lived up to even the modified spirit of accommodation revealed in his speech. If he provides something more concrete, he should get a response.



## AT HOME AND ABROAD: ROYAL OCCASIONS; AND MR. BEVAN IN THE U.S.A.



SHORTLY AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN WASHINGTON: MR. BEVAN, LEFT, WITH MR. DULLES AFTER A DISCUSSION OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Shortly after his arrival in Washington on November 2, Mr. Bevan had a short meeting with Mr. Dulles, the Secretary of State, for a discussion on foreign affairs. Mr. Bevan stayed in Washington until November 4, when he went to Dartmouth College to continue his speaking tour. There, he spoke on "The international situation with special reference to Russia."



AT THE ROYAL FILM SHOW: THE QUEEN TALKING WITH MR. CECIL B. DEMILLE BEFORE THE PERFORMANCE. ON THE RIGHT IS LORD RANK.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attended the Royal film show at the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square, on November 4. The film presented was Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Les Girls." Before the performance, the Queen and the Duke, and Princess Alexandra, met members of the film industry.



AT THE OUTWARD BOUND TRUST DINNER IN LONDON: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH LORD TEDDER.

On November 6 his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh attended a dinner given by the Outward Bound Trust, of which he is Patron, at the Waldorf Hotel, London. In the above photograph, the Duke of Edinburgh is seen with Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Tedder, who is President of the Outward Bound Trust.



AT THE LORD ROBERTS WORKSHOPS: H.M. THE QUEEN MOTHER, PRINCESS MARGARET AND LORD ALANBROOKE. The Queen Mother, accompanied by Princess Margaret, visited the War Disabled Ex-Service Men's Exhibition and Sale of Work at the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops, Brompton Road, London, on November 8. Earlier that day she had visited the British Legion Empire Field of Remembrance at Westminster.



A REMEMBRANCE CEREMONY AT THE ALBERT HALL: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH SIR IAN FRASER. On November 9 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attended the British Legion Festival of Remembrance at the Royal Albert Hall. Above, they are seen with Sir Ian Fraser, who is National President of the British Legion. The Queen and the Duke were also present at the ceremony at the Cenotaph on the following day.



AFTER UNVEILING HER OWN COAT OF ARMS: THE QUEEN MOTHER AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW MIDDLE TEMPLE BUILDING.

On November 5 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, who is a Bencher and former Treasurer of the Middle Temple, opened the new Middle Temple building, the Queen Elizabeth Building, which has been built on the site of the bombed Middle Temple Library. Other pictures of extensive rebuilding in the Temple appear elsewhere in this issue.



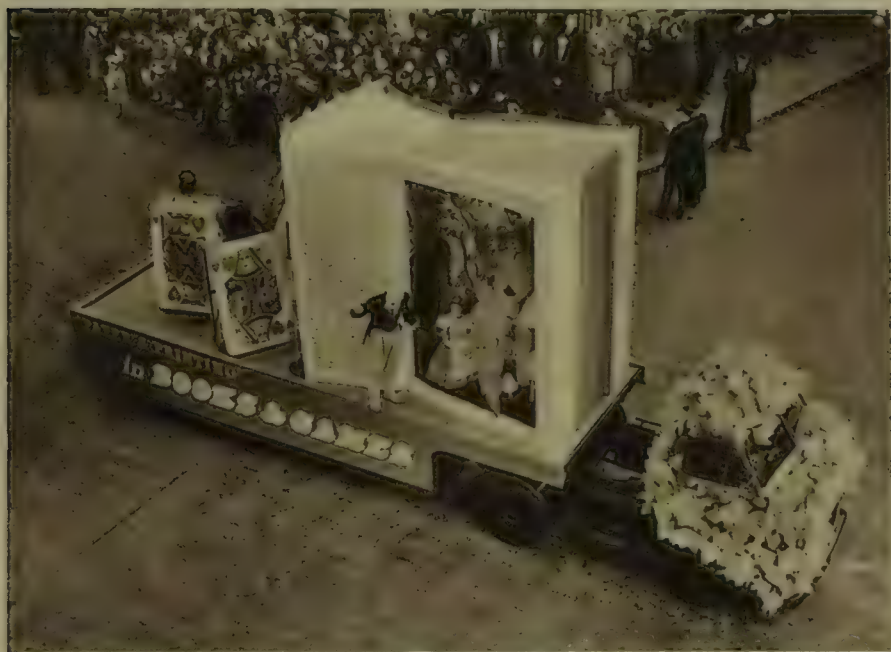
FIRST RECIPIENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS' BENJAMIN FRANKLIN MEDAL: PROFESSOR F. C. WILLIAMS. During the Duke of Edinburgh's visit to the headquarters of the Royal Society of Arts in London on November 7, he presented the Society's Benjamin Franklin medal to its first recipient, Professor F. C. Williams, F.R.S., of Manchester University, for his work in electrical engineering. The medal was instituted last year.



AT OAKHAM: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH THE HORSESHOE WHICH HE PRESENTED TO THE LORD OF THE MANOR. During his visit to Rutland on November 8, the Duke of Edinburgh, in accordance with an old custom, presented a horseshoe to the Lord of the Manor of Oakham. Our photograph shows, hanging on the walls of Oakham Castle, some of the horseshoes of all sizes presented by Kings and Queens of England and by Peers of the Realm.



## THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW AND BANQUET.



ILLUSTRATING THE THEME OF "PAPER AND PRINTING": ONE OF THE COLOURFUL FLOATS IN THIS YEAR'S LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.



THE LORD MAYOR HIMSELF: SIR DENIS TRUSCOTT ARRIVING IN HIS GILDED COACH AT THE MANSION HOUSE AT THE START OF THE SHOW.



THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET: A SCENE AT GUILDHALL, SHOWING THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND THE PRIME MINISTER AT THE CENTRE OF THE TOP TABLE.

THIS year the Lord Mayor's Show, on November 9, was on a Saturday for the first time since 1946, and the crowd was believed to have been the largest and to have included more children than ever before. Sir Denis Truscott, the new Lord Mayor, is a master printer, and "Paper and Printing" provided the theme for the show in which fifteen carnival floats illustrated "the indispensability of printing in every facet of our daily life." In the evening the traditional Lord Mayor's banquet was held at Guildhall and the Prime Minister, Mr. Macmillan, responded to the toast of Her Majesty's Ministers. In a survey of world affairs, Mr. Macmillan spoke of the challenge which the Old World and the New are facing from Soviet power, and said that he hoped that the recent declaration by President Eisenhower and himself would become the blue print for the interdependence of the countries of the free world.

## BRITAIN HONOURS HER WAR DEAD.

SERVICES were held in churches and at war memorials throughout the British Isles on Sunday, November 10, Remembrance Sunday. In London the Queen led the nation's homage at the service held at the Cenotaph in honour of the dead of the two World Wars. After the stillness of the Two Minutes' Silence was ended and the Last Post had been sounded, the Queen laid her wreath at the foot of the Cenotaph. She was followed by the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Gloucester. Another wreath was laid on behalf of the Queen Mother and then the Prime Minister, members of the Government and Opposition and leaders of the Services followed with their wreaths before the Brigade of Guards played the hymn, "O God, Our Help in Ages Past."



UNITED IN HOMAGE: PARTY CHIEFS AND MINISTERS AT THE CENOTAPH. FRONT ROW: (R. TO L.) MR. MACMILLAN, LORD ATTLEE, MR. H. GAITSKELL, MR. J. GRIMOND AND LORD KILMUIR. BACK ROW: (R. TO L.) LORD HAILSHAM, MR. SANDYS, MR. I. MACLEOD, MR. H. BROOKE AND LORD MILLS.



LEADING THE NATION'S REMEMBRANCE OF OUR WAR DEAD: H.M. THE QUEEN PLACING HER WREATH AT THE FOOT OF THE CENOTAPH.



WATCHING THE CENOTAPH SERVICE: (L. TO R.) THE DUCHESS OF KENT, PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, PRINCE RICHARD OF GLOUCESTER, THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET.



## THE SAHARA: THE SEARCH FOR OIL; AND THE ALGERIAN REBEL MENACE.



NEAR TIMIMOUN: ONE OF A NUMBER OF DRILLING SITES ALREADY ESTABLISHED IN THE SAHARA DESERT.



SHOWING ONE METHOD USED IN THE SEARCH FOR OIL: A SEISMIC CHARGE BEING FIRED. THE SHOCK FROM THE EXPLOSION ENABLES INFORMATION TO BE OBTAINED ABOUT THE UNDERGROUND STRATA.



SHOWING THE DIFFICULT CONDITIONS IN WHICH SAHARA OIL PROSPECTORS ARE WORKING: A LAND-ROVER PLOUGHING ITS WAY THROUGH THE DESERT.



PROSPECTING FOR OIL IN THE DESERT: A SURVEY GROUP OF THE COMPAGNIE DES PETROLES D'ALGERIE AT WORK IN THE DUNES.



DRILLING OPERATIONS ON THE "IDEAL 50 RIG" AT HAMRA. ALTHOUGH THE DRILLING CREWS LIVE IN COMFORTABLE ACCOMMODATION THEY SOMETIMES WORK AT TEMPERATURES OF 120 DEG. F. IN THE SHADE.

The Compagnie des Petroles d'Algérie (the C.P.A.), in which Royal Dutch-Shell are the principal partners and operators, is one of the concerns at present searching for oil in the Sahara Desert, where already considerable discoveries have been made, and where, also, the first attack by Algerian rebel forces on French oil prospectors was made very recently. The survey teams of the C.P.A. lead a tough existence. Travelling by air, *Land-Rover*, camel or

on foot, and living in tents, they are moved from site to site, as required. For journeys across the desert, adequate provisions of food, water and spare parts for machinery have to be carried, and radio contact with headquarters is maintained. The drilling crews, who follow in the wake of the survey teams, live a more settled existence, but, having to work sometimes in great heat, their life is by no means easy.



## IN BRITAIN AND AMERICA: AN AIR CRASH AT BRISTOL AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SUN.



THE EDGE OF THE SUN AS SEEN FROM A HEIGHT OF OVER 80,000 FT.: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN RECENTLY FROM AN AMERICAN BALLOON. A recent American balloon flight into the stratosphere to take photographs of the sun was highly successful, according to the U.S. Office of Naval Research Projects. During the flight, which was made on October 17 from Huron, South Dakota, and which was unmanned, photographs were taken—such as those illustrated—which showed the edge of the sun in unprecedented clearness. Hot turbulent eddies and magnetic storms near the sun's surface could be detected in the photographs.



THE SUN: ANOTHER RECENT U.S. PHOTOGRAPH. THE VARIATIONS IN BRIGHTNESS ARISE FROM DIFFERENCES IN TEMPERATURE.



AT DOWNEND, NEAR BRISTOL: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE WRECKAGE OF THE BRISTOL BRITANNIA AIRCRAFT WHICH CRASHED, KILLING FIFTEEN PEOPLE, ON NOVEMBER 6.



AFTER A NARROW ESCAPE: A MOTHER WITH TWO OF HER CHILDREN BY ONE OF THE BRITANNIA'S ENGINES WHICH HIT THEIR HOUSE. The crew of four and eleven technicians were all killed when the Bristol *Britannia* aircraft in which they had been making a local test flight crashed on returning to the Bristol Company's works at Filton Airfield, Bristol. The aircraft crashed near some houses, and a number of them were damaged. One woman was taken to hospital with injuries and there were other minor casualties. The cause of the accident was to be investigated. The aircraft was the only Mark 301 *Britannia* and was the prototype for the 300 series.



# SOVIET MILITARY MIGHT ON DISPLAY IN THE 40TH ANNIVERSARY PARADE.

ON November 7 Russia and all the other Communist countries celebrated the fortieth anniversary of the October Revolution. The occasion in Moscow, for which the Chinese Prime Minister, Mao Tse-tung, was an honoured guest, was marked as usual by a military parade on a very large scale in Red Square. This parade, as always, was the occasion of a show of strength and, in this particular case, of strength in weapons of the rocket age. Owing to low cloud, a fly-past which had been rehearsed did not take place. As well as the conventional weapons on parade, which included new versions of the T34 and Josef Stalin tanks and amphibious vehicles with rocket-firing weapons mounted on them, there were rockets and guided missiles in various types and sizes and two huge self-propelled guns (illustrated elsewhere in this issue) which were described as "jet-type" by a Moscow radio commentator. No rockets were shown which appeared to be of a size capable of launching a satellite, nor anything

(Continued opposite.)



TAKING THE SALUTE AT THE MILITARY PARADE TO MARK THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION: COMMUNIST LEADERS IN RED SQUARE. (LEFT TO RIGHT) PRESIDENT VOROSHILOV; THE SOVIET DEFENCE MINISTER, MARSHAL MALINOVSKY; THE CHINESE PRESIDENT, MAO TSE-TUNG; MR. KHRUSHCHEV; THE RUSSIAN PRIME MINISTER, MARSHAL BULGANIN; THE DEPUTY FOREIGN MINISTER, MR. MIKOYAN; AND THE DEPUTY PREMIER, MR. SUSLOV.

# WEAPONS OF THE ROCKET AND ATOMIC AGE PARADED IN MOSCOW'S RED SQUARE.

(Continued)  
which could be described as an inter-continental ballistic missile. Two large single-stage rockets (about 75 ft. long) were shown, but these appeared to be of the nature of enlarged V-2 rockets. Of the other rockets shown, some seemed to be ground-to-air two-stage missiles comparable with the American Nike, surface-to-surface tactical missiles like the American Honest John, aerial saturation rockets and tiers of rockets not comparable with any others. The parade was reviewed by the new Defence Minister, Marshal Malinovsky, the successor of the disgraced Marshal Zhukhov; and he said that the Soviet Union realised full well that a war with atomic and thermo-nuclear weapons would mean death to millions and the destruction of the work of many generations; he mentioned U.S. threats of atomic war and spoke of tensions in Algeria and the Middle East; and in conclusion pointed to the triumphs of Soviet technology in the launching of an inter-continental ballistic missile and of the two earth satellites, which had ushered in a new era in the conquest of space.



PASSING A HUGE PORTRAIT OF LENIN ON THE SIDE OF MOSCOW'S LARGEST DEPARTMENT STORE, G.U.M.: A PARADE OF UNIDENTIFIED GUIDED MISSILES.



TRACKED ROCKET-LAUNCHERS, EACH CARRYING A LARGE ROCKET ON THE LAUNCHING APPARATUS, RUMBLING ACROSS RED SQUARE DURING THE PARADE.



TRACKED CARRIERS, EACH WITH A CRADLE AND LAUNCHING APPARATUS, DIFFERING FROM THE OTHER EXAMPLES SHOWN, CARRYING HEAVY ROCKETS.



ONE OF THE TWO LARGEST ROCKETS SHOWN: THIS IS BELIEVED TO BE AN ENLARGED VERSION OF THE GERMAN V-2 WITH A RANGE OF ABOUT 500 MILES.





golden Indian Summer, with just an occasional day of icy wind and ugliness by way of warning of things to come.

Autumn gold among the trees, especially the elms and sycamores, started this autumn in a curiously patchy way. They remained green rather later than usual, and then developed isolated patches or blobs of gold among the green. Rather similar effects of what one might call autumn gold have been noticeable in women's hair in recent years. Hair which one has always known as mouse-, or perhaps mud-coloured, will suddenly develop a patch or swirl of honey-gold colour. This phenomenon occurs with extreme rapidity. In fact, overnight. And the extraordinary thing is that the patch of new colour invariably crops up *in front*, slightly to one side perhaps, but never on top or at the back. An effective and not unattractive phenomenon. And this autumn the elms and the sycamores have behaved in much the same way. Most odd!

Four or five years ago I was given a few cuttings of the climbing rose "New Dawn." They struck readily, and one of the resulting plants is now ramping riotously on a post-and-rail fence at the back of a mixed flower border in my garden. All summer it has been flowering profusely, almost without a break. And what a lovely thing it is, with its loose clusters of medium-sized roses of a pure delicate shell pink.

Now, in late October, it is flowering more gloriously than ever. For cutting for the house "New Dawn" is especially good. No need to try to do anything clever with it. Half a dozen trusses of the lovely shell-pink blossoms sitting down comfortably in a pale aquamarine glass bowl are all that I, at any rate, would ask of cut roses. What a menace this passing craze for "floral art" has become, with its merciless torturing of leaf and flower in a mad hope of producing "clever," "original," "artistic" "effects." And look at the hats some of these women wear. What hope for flowers where such ideals prevail? Fortunately, a few of one's friends remain content to regard flowers as flowers with personal grace and character of their own, and not as so much coloured material to be used in the milliner manner.

The rampant behaviour of my rose "New Dawn" comes at an opportune moment. The bush will have to be pruned and severely thinned-out directly the present flush of flowers is over, which may happen any day—or night—now, and this somewhat major operation will give me the right sort of opportunity for trying a pair of super secateurs which I have recently acquired. This, after using one type of secateurs, and one only, for some fifty years. I met the type when working on fruit farms at the Cape, and spent the greater part of three winters pruning apple, pear, peach, nectarine and apricot trees with them. They were of French manufacture, generously large and strong, with a capacious gape, and a quite extraordinary capacity for cutting through really thick

## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

### CHILL OCTOBER.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

and formidable branches as though they were celery. They had, too, an astonishing way of remaining razor sharp, in spite of the heavy work they were given to do, and then taking a fresh edge in response to the merest touch with a hone.

On my return to England I tried various makes of English secateurs, but not one of them contented me after having used that splendid French type in South Africa. Soon, however, I found what I wanted at an ironmonger's shop in the town of Grenoble on my way to collect plants in the high Alps. Since then I have

bought many of the same make when visiting France, some for my own use, and some to give to such gardener friends as seemed worthy. The odd thing is that I have never discovered any maker's name on these incomparable secateurs. But once one has used them there is no mistaking the type, or make.

Two Christmases ago, however, I was given a delightful pair of "Pocket Pruners" made by the Wilkinson Sword Co. Giving a gardener secateurs is almost as foolishly hazardous as buying him a hat or a tie. But in this case all was well. My little pocket "Wilkinson" has spent much time in-and-out of my pocket, and has done a lot of useful work in the garden. It makes cutting a real pleasure; in fact, almost a temptation. Excellent for use by ladies, it is yet no sort of toy. For its size, and for general medium-to-light pruning it is ideal. And it has one advantage over the larger French type that I have used for so long. It is a respecter of one's pockets, whereas the French ones will lie down full-length in a jacket pocket, and then, when wanted, they dig both ends into the pocket's lining, and take endless coaxing before they will consent to come out for action.

But wait—last summer in Sundries Avenue, at Chelsea Flower Show, I came upon a super-type of secateur, the Wilkinson Sword "Knifecut Pruner." It is larger than the "Pocket Pruner," with a much more capacious gape and grip. It was a beautiful implement both to look at and to handle. Seldom have I been so sorely tempted in the Chelsea Sundries Avenue, and seldom so foolishly resolute in resisting temptation. But most surprisingly and foolishly the vendors had not provided thumb-thick branches of pear or apple, with which to demonstrate the "Knifecut Pruner's" slick and easy way with quite formidable-looking root and branch. And so, I won. But the memory of those pruners, and my foolish escape, haunted and teased me on and off, until, quite recently, Wilkinson's won. It now only remains to get at the rampant jungle of my rose "New Dawn," and several other heavy pruning jobs in the garden.

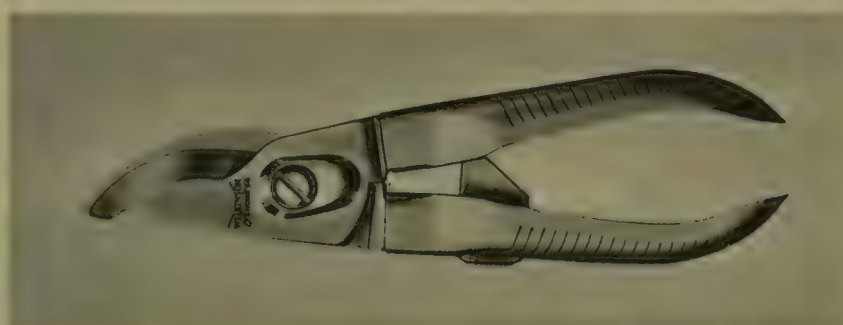
One of my earliest experiences with my beloved French pruners at the Cape fifty years ago taught me to respect them greatly. The winter grass in the orchards, waiting to be ploughed in, carried such a heavy morning dew, that after ten minutes' work one's ex-Army boots became squelching full of water. So I took to working bare-footed. One morning, when reaching up to prune a topmost peach branch, my heavy pruners slipped from my hand, and fell, blade down, plumb on my big toe. It cut to the bone, and, fortunately, the bone and not a joint, otherwise it would almost certainly have performed a neat amputation. That was the one technical fault in the design of those French pruners—and still is. There is nothing to prevent such a slip.

Not so with the Wilkinson Sword "Knifecut Pruner." It fits into the hand, as comfortably as another hand, smooth, firm and efficient, with a rounded bulge (the hinge) which fits in between thumb and first finger and prevents any danger of a slip and an amputated toe.



THE NEW WILKINSON SWORD "KNIFECUT PRUNER" WHICH MR. ELLIOTT DISCUSSES ON THIS PAGE: AND (RIGHT) IN ACTION. ITS LENGTH IS 8½ INS.

"It fits into the hand as comfortably as another hand, smooth, firm and efficient, with a rounded bulge (the hinge) which fits in between thumb and first finger and prevents any danger of a slip. . . . A beautiful implement both to look at and to handle."



"FOR ITS SIZE, AND FOR GENERAL MEDIUM-TO-LIGHT PRUNING IT IS IDEAL": THE "KNIFECUT'S" SMALLER SISTER, THE "POCKET PRUNER," WHICH IS 6 INS. LONG.

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# PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.

# PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



**AT THE OPENING OF THE ACADEMIC YEAR AT THE SORBONNE: LORD ADRIAN (LEFT) RECEIVING AN HONORARY DEGREE.**  
Lord Adrian, recently appointed Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University, was among those who received honorary degrees at a ceremony in Paris on Nov. 7 to celebrate the beginning of the academic year at the Sorbonne. Lord Adrian was formerly Professor of Physiology at Cambridge and President of the Royal Society, and became Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1951.



**A GREAT FIGURE IN MYCENÆAN ARCHÆOLOGY: THE LATE PROFESSOR A. J. B. WACE.**  
Professor Alan J. B. Wace, who died at Athens on Nov. 9 at the age of seventy-eight, was a frequent contributor to our pages on the subject of Mycenæ, with which his name has been as closely associated as was Schliemann's. He was educated at Shrewsbury and Pembroke, Cambridge. He was at different times Director of the British School at Athens, a Deputy Keeper in the Victoria and Albert, and Laureate Professor of Classical Archaeology at Cambridge. His best-known book was "Mycenæ" (1949). Latterly he had been at the Institute for Advanced Studies, Princeton, New Jersey.



**THE RICHMOND TROPHY LADIES' SKATING CONTEST: S. DIJKSTRA (RIGHT), THE WINNER, P. PAULEY AND (LEFT) D. CLIFTON-PEACH.**  
The Richmond Trophy was retained by S. Dijkstra, of Holland, competing against sixteen ladies from seven different countries, at the Richmond Sportsdrome on Nov. 4. Second was P. Pauley (England) and third, D. Clifton-Peach, also of England. The fourth and fifth places were also taken by English girls. Miss Haanappel, the Dutch champion, had to withdraw through illness.



**VISITING LONDON: THE CROWN PRINCE OF THE YEMEN.**  
The Crown Prince of the Yemen, Saif al Islam Mohammed Albadr, arrived in London on Nov. 10, for a ten-day visit at the invitation of the British Government, for discussions on Anglo-Yemen relations. An important problem to be discussed was that of establishing a frontier between the Yemen and the Aden Protectorate. The Crown Prince is also Minister for Foreign Affairs.



**A NEW AMERICAN SCIENTIFIC APPOINTMENT: DR. J. R. KILLIAN.**  
Following the successful launching of the two Russian satellites, Dr. James R. Killian, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has been appointed first holder of the newly created office of Special Assistant to the President for Science and Technology, President Eisenhower announced in his nationwide T.V. address from the White House on Nov. 7.



**A PROMINENT TRADE UNION LEADER DIES IN RUSSIA: MR. J. CAMPBELL.**  
Mr. James Campbell, whose death in a Stalingrad hospital following a motor accident occurred on November 6, had been General Secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen since 1953, and was a member of the T.U.C. General Council. He was on a three-week visit to Russia with other trade union officials. Mr. Hollywood (r.) also died following the accident.



**ALSO FATALLY INJURED IN RUSSIA: MR. T. HOLLYWOOD.**  
Mr. Tom Hollywood, who was President of the National Union of Railwaymen and who, with Mr. Campbell, General Secretary of the Union, was involved in a car crash in Stalingrad on November 4, died in hospital there on November 7 without having recovered consciousness. Mr. Hollywood had recently been elected to the National Executive of the Labour Party.



**UNTIL RECENT YEARS A FAMILIAR FIGURE AT LONDON ART SALES: THE LATE MR. A. C. R. CARTER.**  
Mr. A. C. R. Carter, who died on November 7 at the age of ninety-three, was for many years a familiar figure at Christie's, Sotheby's and other London sale-rooms. At the age of twenty-five he became assistant editor of "The Year's Art" and in 1894 succeeded to the editorship. He wrote on art matters for the *Daily Telegraph* for some fifty years.



**ELECTED AS THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF WALES: DR. ALFRED EDWIN MORRIS.**  
Dr. Alfred Edwin Morris, Bishop of Monmouth, was elected Archbishop of Wales on Nov. 5 in succession to the late Dr. John Morgan. He became Bishop of Monmouth in 1945. He was ordained deacon in 1924 and in that year also was appointed Professor of Hebrew and Theology at St. David's College, Lampeter.



**EVEREST CLIMBERS AT THE ALPINE CLUB'S CENTENARY DINNER: SHERPA TENSING (LEFT) AND SIR JOHN HUNT.**  
Sherpa Tensing, who with Sir Edmund Hillary reached the summit of Mount Everest in 1953, was one of the guests of honour at the centenary dinner of the Alpine Club in London on Nov. 6. He was officially welcomed by Sir John Hunt, leader of the 1953 expedition and the Club's President.



**ELECTED RECTOR OF EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY ON NOVEMBER 8: MR. JAMES ROBERTSON JUSTICE.**  
Mr. James Robertson Justice, the Scottish actor, was elected as Edinburgh University's new rector on November 8. He gained 1003 votes, which gave him a majority of 315 over the 688 votes cast for Professor Emeritus Sir Alexander Gray. Sir Walter Mercer received 581 votes and Lord Russell 550. Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge was also a candidate.



# EXCAVATING ROMAN GODMANCHESTER: A HOARD OF JEWELLERY DISCOVERED; AND THE HISTORY OF A ROMAN BATH.

By H. J. M. GREEN.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL excavations have been conducted at Godmanchester, in Huntingdonshire, since 1955 as part of a research programme into the history of the Great Ouse Valley during the Roman period. The purpose of the survey is to build up a balanced picture of the social and economic life of a typical peasant community on the edge of the Fenland. During the past five years two Romano-British farming settlements have been examined at St. Ives and Earith, and a small industrial site producing pottery and tiles has been excavated. The picture so far revealed is that of small pastoral groups living in poverty along the margins of the river and fen (Fig. 1).

Godmanchester is the only large settlement in the valley, controlling the river crossing of the Roman road, Ermine Street, and the junctions of two other roads from Cambridge and Sandy. There are no visible remains of defences, but the main streets of the present town form an irregular pentagon of approximately 30 acres, which probably follow the line of the Roman walls. As early as the sixteenth century John Leland recorded the discovery of foundations within this area, and since then Roman pottery and coins have also been found in the vicinity. When these discoveries are plotted on a map of modern Godmanchester they show that the Roman settlement straggled as ribbon development along the main Roman roads. The position of the Roman

much broken Romano-British pottery and small articles such as bronze pins, one of which was decorated with silver wire. Above this rubbish layer traces of the Roman town wall were discovered. The foundations, approximately 10 ft. wide, had been dug out during the seventeenth century; but enough remained to show that it had been constructed of flint, sandstone and brick rubble. In front of the wall ran a single ditch, 6 ft. deep and 30 ft. wide, containing pottery dating from the second and third centuries A.D. The latest piece of pottery from underneath the wall is of early second century date. However, recent C<sup>14</sup> tests by Mr. D. Vaughn on wood samples from the foundation trench of the wall, suggest a date between A.D. 230 and 320 for the construction of the defences. The results of those investigations are comparable with those for other Roman town walls in this country, most of which appear to have been built not earlier than the end of the second century A.D.

In Pinfold Lane a large Roman Bath building, underlying various private gardens, has been excavated (Fig. 4). The building was over 100 ft. long by about 60 ft. wide, and consisted of a series of connecting rooms, some of them heated by hypocausts. The layout of the Baths is very similar to another Bath-house excavated at Halton Fort in the year 1827. Other Romano-British buildings, notably town halls and market places, appear to have been designed by military architects, and these Baths may be similar. The building is unusually large to have belonged to a private house, and is more likely to have been used by the town or perhaps was part of a government rest house serving the main road.

The Baths were built at the end of the first century A.D., at a time when the governor Agricola was encouraging town planning projects. As originally designed the visitor would have entered a large changing room (A in Fig. 4) and passed through a series of hot rooms (F and G) via a cold room (B) containing a cold bath (C). The Baths also probably possessed

brick walls were brought from several places twenty or more miles away. The interior was plastered with white, yellow, pink and red panels divided by coloured stripes. Some of the walls were probably faced internally with marble or stone slabs, for their iron cramps have been found. The outside was painted in imitation of marble and had a red dado. Floors were of grey and white *tesserae* (set in red cement), *opus*

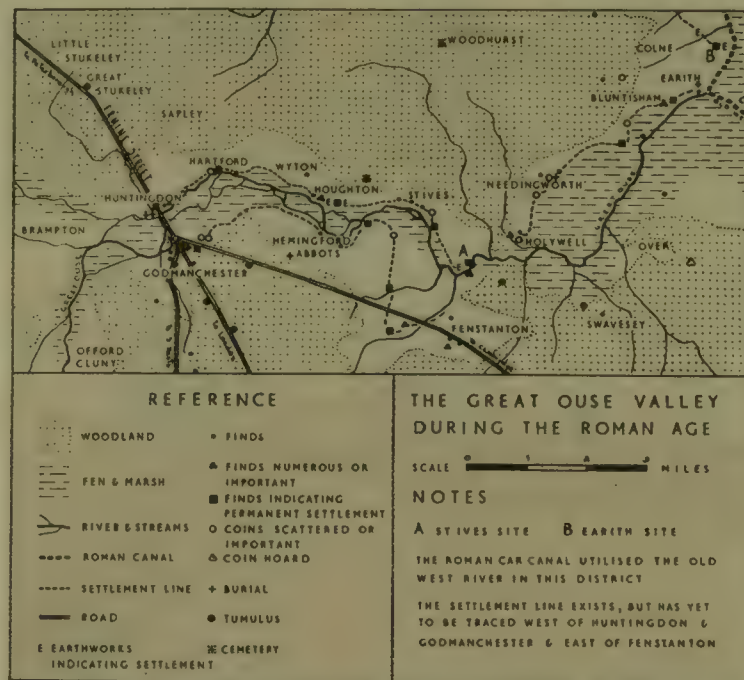


FIG. 1. A MAP OF PART OF THE VALLEY OF THE GREAT OUSE, SHOWING THE SETTLEMENTS OF GODMANCHESTER, ST. IVES AND EARITH AND THE LOCATION OF ROMANO-BRITISH SITES AND REMAINS IN THE AREA AND THE NATURE OF THE LANDSCAPE THEN.



FIG. 2. A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING, BY MR. GREEN, OF THE PROBABLE APPEARANCE OF THE GODMANCHESTER ROMAN BATHS AT THE TIME OF THEIR GREATEST EXTENT.

In his article Mr. Green discusses the excavations which have revealed the nature and some of the history of the Godmanchester baths, aspects of which would seem to hint—with a modern poignancy—at problems of local finance.

cemeteries, which lay outside the town, indicate that it fluctuated in size during the four centuries of Roman rule. A gradual expansion along Ermine Street, the main road to the North, was counterbalanced by contraction along some of the smaller roads leading into the town.

The present excavations have been conducted by a group of amateur archaeologists under the direction of the writer. Their aim has been to examine the town defences and road system, and to determine their relationship to some of the principal buildings within the settlement.

Last year the 10-ft.-wide concrete foundations of the Roman town wall were accidentally discovered during drainage operations in Pinfold Lane. Behind the wall the massive footings of another structure, possibly that of an internal turret, were also found. In front of the wall ran three large ditches (Fig. 3).

This summer a section was cut through what remains of the defences (Fig. 11) about a hundred yards further north near The Causeway. During the second half of the first century A.D. this was probably a lightly-wooded area stretching down to the river. It is possible to infer this from the discovery of tree roots and particular types of snails in the vicinity. Miss M. Howard (Institute of Archaeology) has identified the snails as *Cepæa nemoralis* and *Arianta arbustorum*, both of which are normally found in sheltered, damp situations. A thick rubbish layer was also found containing

a suite of hot rooms (D) heated by charcoal to give a dry heat. While still unfinished, the building was drastically reduced in size and replanned. Perhaps, like the public Baths at Wroxeter, the scheme may have been found to be too ambitious and had involved the local organisers in financial difficulties.

The new layout comprised a small entrance lobby (No. 1 in Fig. 4), cold bath (No. 3) and changing room (No. 2) crammed into the old furnace room (H). In the changing room (No. 2 and Fig. 12) the well-preserved impression of an oak floor was found. The boards were 7 ins. wide with the graining and knot holes clearly visible. On top of the boards was found the remains of a lead water pipe, probably feeding the cold bath from a tank. Beyond these rooms lay the warm room (No. 4), hot room (No. 5) and hot bath (No. 6), all of which possessed hypocausts (Fig. 13). The furnace room in this layout is No. 7.

The Baths must have been an impressive structure (Fig. 2). The materials for its stone and

*signinum*, tiles and concrete. Some of the concrete floors were decorated with curvilinear patterns in relief. The building was roofed with large stone slats and many of the windows were glazed. Although the walls have been destroyed to below window level, it has been possible to plot the position of the windows by the clusters of broken glass lying on the old ground level outside the building.

During the late third or early fourth century A.D. the Baths were gutted by a fire. The tile floor of the entrance lobby was apparently accidentally glazed by the conflagration. The north end of the Baths was subsequently reconstructed, the remainder of the building being pulled down. The new building had only a hot room, changing room and an entrance lobby. At about the same time a large ditch with a paved floor was dug outside the western face of the Baths. These measures may have been defensive and suggest that the original destruction was deliberate rather than accidental. In a rubbish pit, associated with the reconstruction, was found a hoard of Roman jewellery and sixty coins (Fig. 8). The circumstances surrounding the burial of the hoard are mysterious, but it is probably the contents of a woman's jewel-box. No trace of any container was discovered and indeed the hoard appears to have been scattered indiscriminately throughout the [Continued opposite.



FIG. 3. THE ROMAN TOWN WALL OF GODMANCHESTER, AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN DURING A SAXON RAID IN THE FOURTH CENTURY A.D.: A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BY MR. GREEN.

The town wall is not now visible above ground at any point, but excavations have established its nature, the presence of a 30-ft.-wide exterior ditch and its date which Carbon-14 tests suggest as being between A.D. 230 and 320—which coincides with the date of most Roman town walls in this country. Pottery found so far, however, conflicts with this date.



# THE GODMANCHESTER HOARD: AND ASPECTS OF THE ROMAN TOWN.



FIG. 4. THE ROMAN BATHS AT GODMANCHESTER. THE FIGURES AND LETTERS ARE EXPLAINED IN THE TEXT.



FIG. 5. PART OF THE PERISTYLE OF THE ROMAN BATHS, BUILT IN THE LATEST PHASE (NO. 8 IN FIG. 4). THIS WAS BUILT TO ENCLOSE PART OF AN ADJOINING EXERCISE YARD. THE COLUMNS MAY HAVE BEEN OF WOOD.

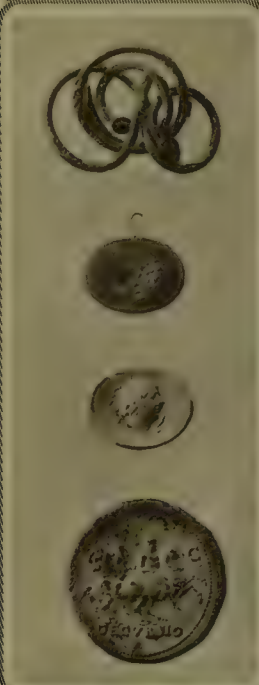


FIG. 6. A BROOCH, SEAL PENDANT (PERHAPS MODERN, WITH IMPRESSION); AND A COIN OF THE EMPEROR NERO.

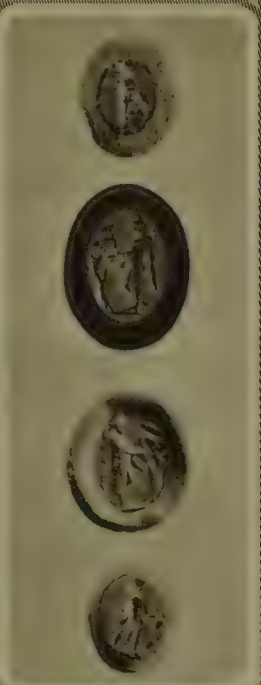


FIG. 7. INTAGLIO GEMS: TOP AND BOTTOM, OF DEVITRIFIED GLASS; THE CENTRE ONE BEING OF ONYX.



FIG. 8. THE GODMANCHESTER HOARD, FOUND IN A RUBBISH-PIT NEAR THE BATH-HOUSE. PRINCIPALLY JEWELLERY AND SMALL CHANGE, IT WOULD SEEM TO BE THE CONTENTS OF A WOMAN'S CASKET.



FIGS. 9 AND 10. THE FINEST PIECE OF THE GODMANCHESTER HOARD: A GOLD CHAIN AND PENDANT (RIGHT); ABOVE, THE PENDANT IS ENLARGED TO SHOW THE HUMAN COMIC MASK IN REPOUSSE.

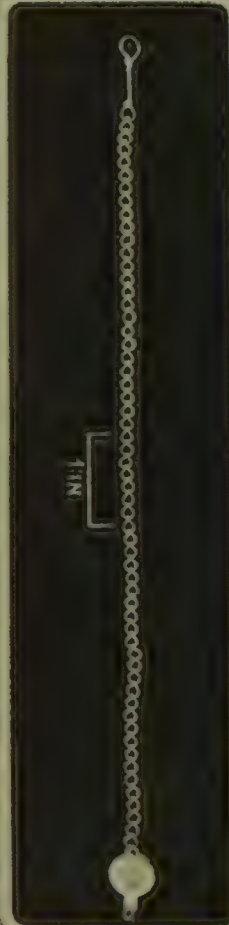


FIG. 11. A SHORT SECTION OF THE ROMAN DEFENSIVE WALL TO THE TOWN. THIS SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN FIRST BUILT IN THE THIRD CENTURY B.C.

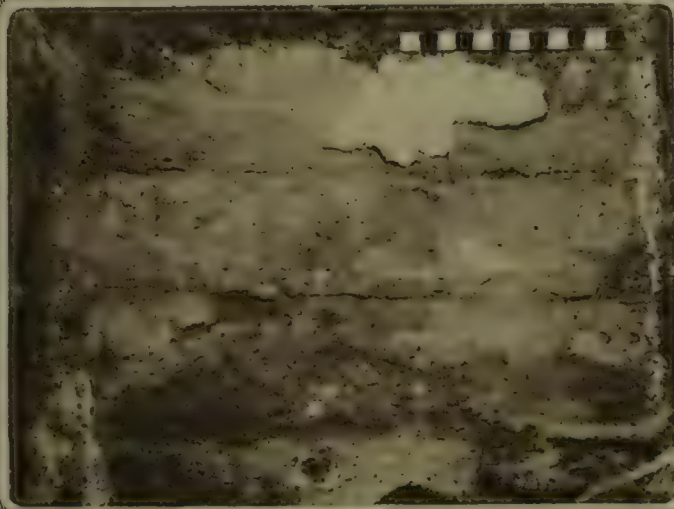


FIG. 12. THE WELL-PRESERVED IMPRESSION OF THE OAK FLOOR OF THE CHANGING ROOM IN THE ROMAN BATHS (MARKED 2 ON THE PLAN IN FIG. 4). EVEN KNOT-MARKS CAN BE SEEN.



FIG. 13. HYPOCAUST PILLARS IN THE GODMANCHESTER BATHS. WARM ROOM, HOT ROOM AND HOT BATH (4, 5, 6 IN FIG. 4) WERE ALL HEATED BY HYPOCAUST.

Continued.] rubbish pit. The most interesting object is an unusual gold pendant and chain (Figs. 9 and 10). The pendant is decorated in repoussé with human masks. The Empress Theodora is depicted wearing similar ornaments in the famous S. Vitale mosaics at Ravenna. They are shown suspended from an elaborate head-dress and pectoral. Other jewellery includes a fine intaglio gem of onyx showing Ganymede (Fig. 7), and two others of devitrified glass depicting Mercury and a female figure. There were also one silver and four bronze finger rings, an early bronze brooch, a spun glass necklace and six plain bone pins. The coins are all of bronze and consist mainly of small barbarous radiates

dating from the late third century A.D. The coin evidence indicates that the hoard was probably lost about A.D. 300. Despite another fire the Baths continued to be used until at least the end of the fourth century A.D., after which they appear to have fallen into disuse. During the last phase of occupation further floors were laid down in the Bath-house. At the same time a stone peristyle (Fig. 5 and No. 8 in Fig. 4) with a tile pavement was built partly enclosing an adjoining exercise yard. Despite barbarian raids, civil wars and a steadily declining standard of living, here at least civil life continued to exist, if not prosper, until the close of the fourth century A.D.





OPENED TO THE PUBLIC ON NOVEMBER 15: ONE OF THE NEWLY-CONSTRUCTED PAINTINGS GALLERIES AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.

The Gallery shown here—Room 104A—is one of three devoted to British oil paintings of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries among the eight new galleries constructed within an existing Court at the back of the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, to house the exhibits of the Department of Paintings at the Museum.

## FROM LONDON TO NEW YORK: A ROYAL OCCASION: AND OTHER NEWS ITEMS.



AFTER OPENING THE NEW SCIENCE SCHOOL AT UPPINGHAM ON NOVEMBER 8: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AMUSED BY A CHEMISTRY EXPERIMENT.

During his visit to Rutland on November 8 the Duke of Edinburgh went to Uppingham School, where he opened the new Science School, which had been built at a cost of £100,000 with the aid of a £25,000 grant from the Industrial Fund for the Advancement of Scientific Education in Schools. In his address the Duke stressed the importance of science to-day.



SOLD FOR 29,000 DOLLARS (£10,357) IN THE LURCY SALE ON NOVEMBER 9: A LOUIS XV SEVRES ROSE POMPADOUR PORCELAIN SOUPIERE, DATED 1757. (Length, 11½ ins.)



A LOUIS XV INLAID PALISSANDRE AND TULIPWOOD COMMUNE, WHICH REALISED \$17,000 (£6071) IN THE LURCY SALE. (Length, 56½ ins.)

The three-day sale at the Parke-Bernet Galleries, New York, of the Georges Lurcy Collection, realised the outstanding total of 2,221,355 dollars (£793,341). The pieces shown here were among the lots on the last day, while eight French paintings which realised exceptional prices on the first day (November 7) are reproduced on page 845.



AT THORNYCROFT'S HAMPTON-ON-THAMES BOATYARD ON NOV. 8: THE PORTUGUESE AMBASSADOR LAYING THE KEEL OF THE NEW MISSIONS TO SEAMEN VESSEL. The new vessel with which the Missions to Seamen will serve their "parish of ships" in the Port of London will replace the present *John Ashley*, a converted Admiralty fishing vessel. The cost is being met by subscriptions, the first of which, £9000, has come from the Gulbenkian Foundation, of which the Portuguese Ambassador is a trustee.



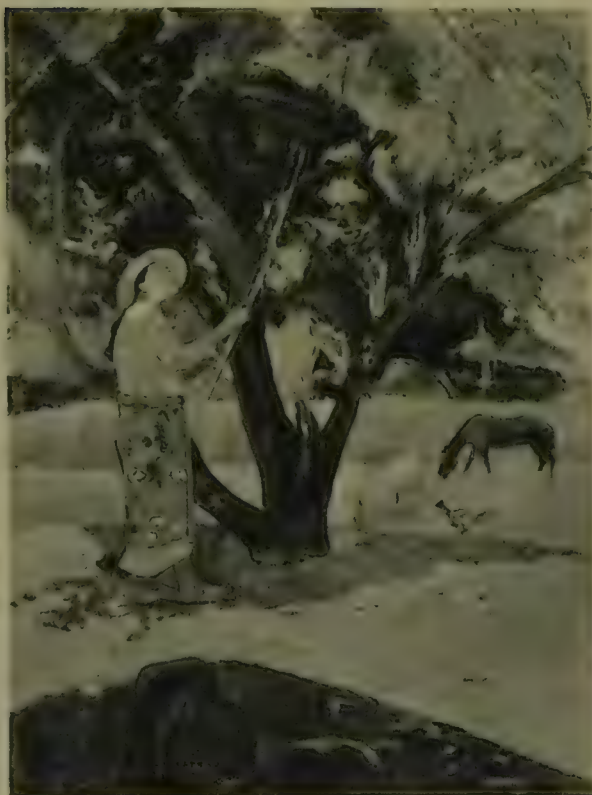
DURING ITS FIRST SUCCESSFUL FLIGHT AT WHITE WALTHAM AIRFIELD ON NOVEMBER 6: THE FAIREY ROTODYNE, THE WORLD'S FIRST VERTICAL TAKE-OFF AIRLINER. After the Fairey *Rotodyne's* maiden flight its behaviour was described as "entirely satisfactory." This aircraft, which ascends vertically as a helicopter and, having gained height, flies horizontally as a normal fixed-wing airliner, can carry up to 48 passengers at a speed of 185 m.p.h. over ranges up to 400 miles.



## A RECORD-BREAKING NEW YORK SALE ROOM EVENT.



SOLD AT THE LURCY COLLECTION SALE ON NOVEMBER 7 FOR \$95,000 (£33,930): "AUX AMBASSADEURS, GENS CHICS," BY TOULOUSE-LAUTREC. (Gouache on pasteboard; 31 by 25½ ins.)



BOUGHT FOR \$180,000 (£64,286) BY THE GREEK SHIPPING MAGNATE, ALEX GOULANDRIS: "MAU TAPORO (LA CUEILLETTE DES CITRONS)," BY PAUL GAUGUIN. (Oil on canvas; 35 by 26 ins.)

## OUTSTANDING PRICES IN THE LURCY SALE.



BOUGHT FOR \$70,000 (£25,000), ALSO BY MR. GOULANDRIS: "STILL-LIFE WITH CAT," BY PIERRE BONNARD. PAINTED IN ABOUT 1920. (Oil on canvas; 35½ by 29½ ins.)



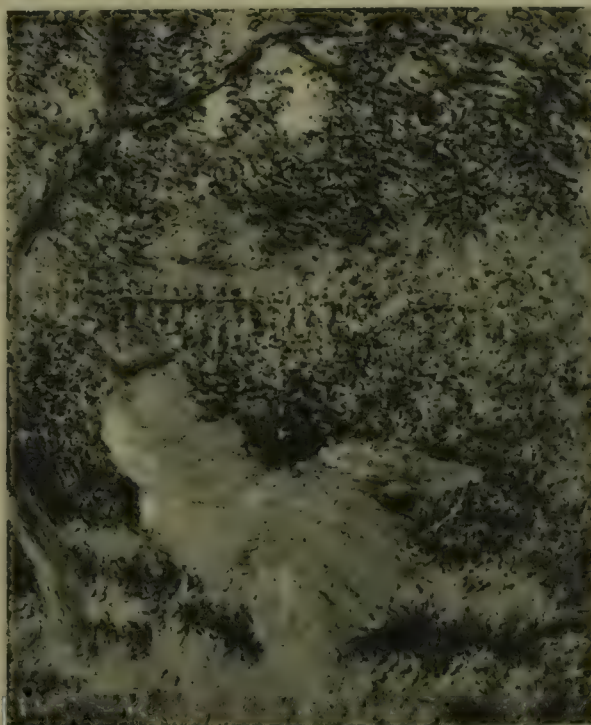
"LE PONT-NEUF, PARIS": A LATE WORK BY CAMILLE PISSARRO (DATED 1901), WHICH CHANGED HANDS FOR \$57,000 (£20,350) IN THIS SALE AT THE PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES, NEW YORK. (Oil on canvas; 28½ by 36½ ins.)



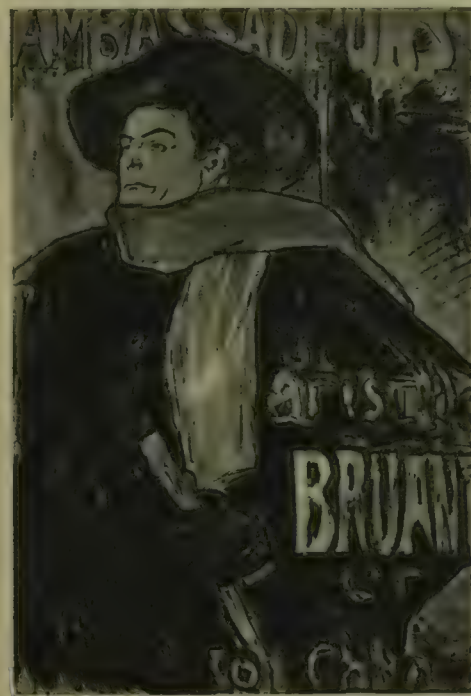
BOUGHT BY A NEW YORK DEALER FOR \$200,000 (£71,425), THE HIGHEST PRICE OF THE SALE: "LA SERRE," A FAMOUS MASTERPIECE OF ABOUT 1874, BY RENOIR. (Oil on canvas; 23½ by 28½ ins.)



REALISING THE EXCEPTIONALLY HIGH PRICE OF \$70,000 (£25,000): "AUX TUILERIES," BY EDOUARD VUILLARD. A SMALL WORK OF ABOUT 1900. (Oil on panel; 14½ by 13 ins.)



ACQUIRED BY A NEW YORK PRIVATE COLLECTOR FOR \$92,500 (£33,035): "FEMME DANS UN JARDIN," PAINTED BY CLAUDE MONET AT VETHEUIL IN 1881. (Oil on canvas; 33½ by 26½ ins.)



"ARISTIDE BRUANT AUX AMBASSADEURS": A TOULOUSE-LAUTREC SOLD FOR \$62,000 (£22,140). (Gouache and water-colour; 54½ by 36½ ins.)

At the first session of the sale of the Georges Lurcy Collection, at the Parke-Bernet Galleries, New York, on November 7, sixty-five works by nineteenth- and twentieth-century French masters realised a total of \$1,708,550 (approximately £610,196). This staggering total, which far exceeded the most optimistic forecasts, set up a new world record for the highest total achieved by a single sale of paintings. The collection had been acquired

by Mr. Lurcy, a banker, over a period of about thirty-five years, in France and the United States. In addition to the paintings and drawings—some of those that realised the highest prices are reproduced here—there were notable collections of French eighteenth-century furniture and *objets d'art*, which were sold on the following two days, bringing the total for the three days to \$2,221,355 (£793,341). Here also very high prices were realised.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

### GHENT AND URBINO.

NO one requires an additional excuse for a visit to Ghent. Is not the Van Eyck in the Cathedral sufficient? However, if, from now until December 15, you go there and find you can drag yourself away from that supreme masterpiece, the Beaux Arts Museum is providing an exceptional feast which will surely be to the taste of both art historians and of the many who are passionately interested in fine painting while taking a somewhat detached view of scholarly wrangles concerning attributions to this or that painter. By a singular chance the little city of Urbino, in the hills east of Florence, has a close connection with fifteenth-century Flanders, for there the painter Justus of Ghent was employed by the masterful Duke Frederick of Montefeltre (1422-1482), a typical Renaissance amalgam of ruthless soldier, cunning politician and lover of learning. His features are well known—broken nose, commanding presence, and all—from a number of portraits such as that lent to the exhibition from Windsor by H.M. the Queen (bought in 1853 by Queen Victoria at the Woodburn sale, no doubt on the advice of that very considerable connoisseur, the Prince Consort), in which he is seen seated with his son, Guidobaldo, who succeeded him, and members of his Court listening to a lecture.

He built a splendid palace, completed by his son, formed a marvellous library and, as was natural, did not confine his patronage to Justus. Among others a certain Peter the Spaniard, identified by Spanish scholars as Berruguete, played a part in the decoration of the palace, the most ambitious portion of which—a sort of Holy of Holies—was the Duke's study, where he could work completely undisturbed. On the walls were the portraits of twenty-eight famous men from Homer to Petrarch grouped around the State portrait of the ruler. This room remained intact until 1631. In that year the reigning family died out and the little State passed into the possession of the Papacy. The Papal Legate, Cardinal Barberini, in the high-handed manner of those days, took the pictures to Rome. All remained with the Barberini family until 1812, when fourteen of them went to the Colonna Sciarra family. In 1934 the fourteen Barberini portraits, plus the portrait of the Duke himself, were taken over by the Italian Government, which gave them back to the ducal palace at Urbino. Meanwhile, the other fourteen portraits had been sold to the Marquis Campana; at his sale in 1861 they were bought by Napoleon III and since 1863 have been in the Louvre.

Since then there have been widely differing opinions as to their authorship, complicated by the awkward circumstance that no one has been able to determine exactly who, in fact, was Justus of Ghent, whether he was responsible for all or only some of the portraits, and to what extent he was aided by the mysterious Peter the Spaniard and/or by other Italian artists, among whom Melozzo da Forlì and Giovanni Santi, the father of Raphael, have been mentioned. It is thought that the Windsor picture was originally in the library, where the Duke employed thirty copyists during forty-four years transcribing MSS., and

in which he placed anything he could claim as spoils of war, and also the set of Allegories in the Liberal Arts, two of which, Music and Rhetoric, are at Trafalgar Square (bought in 1866), long attributed to Melozzo da Forlì. These also have been lent to the exhibition, together with various paintings from Spain, unquestionably by Berruguete, and other related Flemish and Italian works.

sent to Flanders; that the Fleming was given important work, and painted also a portrait of his Lordship "so natural that it lacked only the breath of life"—that is, presumably the portrait taken away by Cardinal Barberini, which is wholly Flemish in feeling. With this as a basis, historians of the past half a century have been able to attribute other Flemish pictures to the same hand (some of which are in the exhibition).

They have also suggested that the man known as Justus of Ghent in Italy was a certain Josse van Wassenhove, friend of Hugo van der Goes. It is easy enough to imagine what a revelation Florence and the neighbouring cities would have been to a minor Flemish painter towards the end of the fifteenth century; but would it, some have asked, have enabled him to change his style in so marked a manner as is evident in, for example, the two National Gallery Allegories?

Now that, in this exhibition, so many paintings—eighty-two—by the various claimants have been brought together under one roof, it is possible that some general agreement in the light of modern research may emerge. Meanwhile, it should perhaps be put on record that so far opinion seems to be about equally divided

between the pro-Flemish and the pro-Spanish factions, with one or two sitting blandly on the fence and postulating a close collaboration between Justus of Ghent and Pedro Berruguete. It should be added that each side can bring forward formidable arguments, both stylistic and documentary. However intriguing all this may be, I would venture to remark that to the average visitor the interest of the exhibition is to be found in the high quality of the paintings and in its evocation of the pride, splendour and devotion to the arts—and to learning—of this little Renaissance Court.

The character of its ruler is admirably indicated by each of the portraits I have mentioned. Both of them, by the way, are attributed to Justus in the catalogue. In the Windsor picture the Duke, book in hand, sits listening to the learned lecturer; in the Urbino portrait his love of the written word is emphasized even though this is a State portrait, showing him dressed in the ducal mantle over his armour, wearing the ermine cape and the gold chain presented by the King of Naples and, below the left knee, the Order of the Garter given him by the King of England in 1474. Resting on the reading desk is the tiara sewn with pearls presented by the Shah of Persia in the same year. Yet, even so, in spite of the trappings of power, the eye is immediately attracted by the book; it was clearly his wish to be remembered not merely as the successful soldier but as the bibliophile.

Apart from the paintings there are five early Flemish tapestries, one of them apparently echoing details from the "Communion of the Apostles" at Urbino, the Duke's ivory baton (a present, perhaps, or the spoils of war), and a splendid eagle-lectern from Urbino Cathedral. This originally came from Volterra. According to an ancient tradition—which would seem to be entirely in keeping with what we know of his character—when the Duke was victorious at Volterra, he demanded a monumental Hebrew Bible, now in the Vatican Library, and this lectern. Here again doctors are at variance; one theory is that it is Flemish, while Mr. C. C. Oman is convinced that it came originally from an English workshop.



"FREDERICK OF MONTEFELTRE, HIS SON GUIDOBALDO AND MEMBERS OF HIS COURT, LISTENING TO THE DISCOURSE OF A HUMANIST": A FAMOUS PAINTING FROM WINDSOR, ATTRIBUTED TO JUSTUS OF GHENT AND DATED c. 1479.  
(Oil on panel; 51½ by 83½ ins.) (Reproduced by Gracious Permission of H.M. the Queen.)

The only contemporary documentary evidence is supplied by Vespasiano da Bisticci, who, writing in 1482, says the Duke loved painting and, finding no one in Italy to his taste who painted in oils,



"PORTRAIT OF FREDERICK, DUKE OF URBINO, AND HIS SON GUIDOBALDO": A WORK ATTRIBUTED TO JUSTUS OF GHENT IN THE EXHIBITION "JUSTUS OF GHENT, BERRUGUETE AND THE COURT OF URBINO," AT THE MUSEE DES BEAUX-ARTS, GHENT.  
(Oil on panel; 53½ by 32½ ins.) (Urbino, Galleria nazionale delle Marche.)



# "JUSTUS OF GHENT, BERRUGUETE AND THE COURT OF URBINO": A FASCINATING EXHIBITION AT GHENT.



(Left.)  
"CALVARY": THE CENTRE OF A TRIPTYCH FROM GHENT CATHEDRAL ATTRIBUTED TO JUSTUS OF GHENT AND PAINTED BETWEEN 1462 AND 1469. (Oil on panel; 85 by 67 ins.) (Ghent, St. Bavon's Cathedral.)



(Right.)  
"THE ANNUNCIATION," ATTRIBUTED TO THE SPANISH ARTIST PEDRO BERRUGUETE, WHO IS HELD BY SOME AS THE AUTHOR OF THE DECORATION OF THE DUKE OF URBINO'S FAMOUS STUDY. (Oil on panel; 42½ by 57½ ins.) (Burgos, the Carthusian Monastery.)



"HOMER": ONE OF THE TWENTY-EIGHT PORTRAITS OF FAMOUS MEN WHICH DECORATED THE STUDY IN THE DUKE OF URBINO'S PALACE, THE AUTHORSHIP OF WHICH THIS EXHIBITION MAY HELP TO SOLVE. (Oil on panel; 37 by 30½ ins.) (Urbino, Galleria nazionale delle Marche.)



"FREDERICK OF MONTEFELTRE": A MARBLE RELIEF ATTRIBUTED TO FRANCESCO DI GIORGIO. MONTEFELTRE, FAMED AS SOLDIER AND HUMANIST, FOUNDED THE SPLENDID RENAISSANCE COURT AT URBINO. (Florence, Museo Nazionale.)



"BARTHOLO SENTINATI": ANOTHER OF THE PORTRAITS FROM THE DUKE'S STUDY, FOURTEEN OF WHICH ARE NOW AT URBINO AND FOURTEEN IN THE LOUVRE. (Oil on panel; 37 by 23 ins.) (Urbino, Galleria nazionale delle Marche.)



"ALLEGORY OF RHETORIC": ONE OF A PAIR FROM THE NATIONAL GALLERY NOW ATTRIBUTED TO JUSTUS. (Oil on panel; 62 by 41½ ins.) (London, National Gallery.)



"THE DEATH OF THE VIRGIN": ATTRIBUTED TO HUGO VAN DER GOES, A MOST INFLUENTIAL ARTIST OF THE SCHOOL OF GHENT IN THE LATE 15TH CENTURY. (Oil on panel; 58 by 47½ ins.) (Bruges, Musée Communal.)



"THE MADONNA AND CHILD WITH TWO DONORS": ATTRIBUTED TO THE MASTER OF 1499. (Oil on panel; 28 by 21½ ins.) (Paris, Musée du Louvre.)

Frederick of Montefeltre, Duke of Urbino (1422-82), was one of the many impressive figures who contributed to the greatness of Italy during the Renaissance period. A noted soldier, he brought lasting fame to his city of Urbino by forming there one of the outstanding courts of Renaissance Italy. A noted Humanist, he was a generous patron of the arts, as witness his magnificent Palace at Urbino. The decorations of this Palace have long posed a problem for art historians, for it is not certain which artist or artists might have been responsible for them. The fascinating exhibition to be seen at the Musée des Beaux-Arts in Ghent until December 15, may

well lead to the solution of this problem, for under the title "Justus of Ghent, Berruguete, and the Court of Urbino," some hundred works have been assembled which are all directly or closely associated with it. In his article on the facing page Frank Davis writes about the exhibition, and important works from it are reproduced on these two pages. Outstanding among them are the two portraits of the Duke and his son, one of which (that still at Urbino) hung in the Duke's study at the head of the twenty-eight portraits of famous men whose authorship is the major problem which this exhibition and its excellent catalogue seek to solve.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### FLOODLIGHT ON OCTOPUSES.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

AMONG my collection of clippings dealing with natural history for last year are two dealing with cephalopods. One gives the story of a squid and the other a story of a cuttlefish. The first, published in "Nature" (April 7, 1956), is by D. N. F. Hall. It tells of an evening on board the Singapore Regional Fisheries research vessel *Manihine*. A squid, 3 ins. long, was being kept alive in a large light-coloured wooden tub. Mr. Hall relates how the squid "displayed evidence of agitation as it was manoeuvred into a suitable position for capture, changing colour rapidly in the manner which is well known. When my hand was within about 9 ins. of the animal the squid assumed a dark coloration and appeared to become stationary. I seized the dark object, but it proved to be nothing more than a volume of ink; the squid was found to be at the opposite side of the tub."

We always suppose that cephalopods (i.e., octopus, squid and cuttlefish) throw out their ink as a sort of cloud or "smoke screen," under cover of which they escape. Here, on the deck of the *Manihine*, a squid was demonstrating otherwise. Each time Mr. Hall tried to catch it, the squid turned dark and discharged a quantity of ink which, instead of dispersing in a cloud, retained much the same shape and size as the animal itself. At the same time, the squid turned pale and quickly shot to the other side of the tub, momentarily invisible.

The second of my notes was from the same journal, for October 27, 1956. It tells of an observation made from the Singapore Fisheries Research Station's launch, the *Chermin*, by J. Wickstead. In a glass-calm sea, with the boat drifting in a patch of Sargassum weed, a small cuttle-

I had put these notes to one side, hoping to accumulate more on this subject, but Frank W. Lane has forestalled my more modest ambitions with his book "Kingdom of the Octopus,"\* a beautifully illustrated work, in black-and-white as well as colour, and one that must represent a tremendous labour. In it, the author, who makes no claim to specialist knowledge, has brought together the saga of the cephalopods, that remarkable group of marine molluscs, relatives of the oyster, clam and limpet. If we are correct in classifying them with the rest of the molluscs, and their anatomy leaves no room for doubt on this, then we have one of the more remarkable

On a ship 300 miles from the coast of Brazil, a shoal of hundreds of squids shot out of the water and landed on the deck and in the chains. To reach the deck, which was 12 ft. above the water, the squids had to go over the hammock nettings, so they flew at least 15 ft. high during their aerial excursion. Many ocean-going travellers have seen shoals of squid take flight, and, indeed, they are often mistaken for flying-fish, but there is one characteristic that distinguishes them. "Whereas the fish are individualists in the air, and make no attempt at formation flying, the squids maintain the same distance from each other as they sail through the air, and the whole school falls back into the sea together."

A collector once sent ten octopuses to the New York Zoological Society from Florida. Each was put into a cigar-box. "Quarter-inch holes were drilled in the boxes and they were tightly bound with fish-line before being put in the shipping tank. The lines tightened in the water, and held the boxes so tightly shut that when they were tested afterwards with a screwdriver it was found impossible to prise up the lids as much as an eighth of an inch. Yet every one of the octopuses escaped. When common octopuses with a 3-ft. span were sent enclosed in wire-netting with a half-inch mesh, they regularly squeezed through it."

The cephalopodan brain is regarded as the most highly developed of any invertebrate. "Alone among the molluscs they have acquired by concentration of their chief nerve ganglia what may be truly considered a brain." It is divided into fourteen main lobes governing different sets of functions, one set of lobes controlling the jet apparatus, another the memory, and so on. The largest are the optic lobes, serving the extremely well-developed eyes.

Squid and cuttlefish have been known to use the jet of water, normally employed in locomotion, as a weapon, squirting water or ink at those on board ship who were trying to capture them. Whether by accident or design, their aim has



LOOKING LIKE A FLEET OF JET AIRCRAFT: FOUR COMMON SQUIDS CRUISING IN A TANK AT THE ZOOLOGICAL STATION AT NAPLES.

Photograph by Franz Thorbecke.

anomalies in the world of animals. Very early in geological time we see the two branches of this class diverging. The one branch, including the oyster, clam, limpets and many others, among them slugs and snails, has forsaken speed even to the point of leading a wholly sedentary life, as in mussels. The other, the cephalopods, has specialised in speed, in all the tactics of the hunter, such as rapid colour-change, speed of manoeuvre and overpowering strength, and has, in addition, shown an appearance of high intelligence.

One of the first advantages developed in the cephalopods was the use of jet-propulsion. The second was the development of arms beset with suckers. The first gives speed of movement in attack and escape, even to the point of leaving the natural element and flying through the air. The second confers an ability to seize prey, to crawl over rocks or into crevices, or even to make excursions on to land. The third advantage lies in the ink-sac, which, as Frank Lane shows by the numerous incidents he cites, can be used as a tactical weapon of defence in a variety of ways. A fourth advantage is seen in a remarkable ability to regenerate lost parts; and a fifth advantage is in the surprising ability to squeeze a large body through extremely small openings. Taking all these together, it is understandable that cephalopods as a whole should have persisted in such large numbers down through the ages. At the same time, we have to remember that their more sluggish, and apparently less enterprising, relatives have been, if anything, even more successful by adopting entirely different ways of life. In "Kingdom of the Octopus" there are numerous quotations to illustrate these principles of the cephalopod way-of-life, from which a few selected at random can be given here.



STREAMLINING ITS BODY AS IT TAKES-OFF FROM A ROCK: A COMMON OCTOPUS.

Photograph by Laurence E. Perkins.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Kingdom of the Octopus"; by courtesy of the publishers, Jarrolds.



BEST-KNOWN OF THE DECAPODS, OR TEN-ARMED CEPHALOPODS: THE COMMON CUTTLEFISH. THE TWO LONG TENTACLES, WHICH FLASH OUT TO SEIZE THE PREY, ARE COMPLETELY WITHDRAWN WHEN THE CUTTLEFISH IS AT REST. (Photograph by Paul Trinkaus.)

fish, of about 6 ins. in length, could be seen through a break in the weed floating at about a foot below the surface. It was lying horizontally, its arms bunched and held above the head, straight except for the tips which were drooped and gently waving. The cuttlefish was coloured a dull-brown except for the tips of the arms, which were white, and very conspicuous, in contrast to the rest of the animal. Several times, small fishes sheltering in the weed left their retreats to come out and investigate these striking white objects. As each approached, the cuttlefish arms would be shot towards it in an attempt at capture. The writer of this note concludes: "Thus, although the actual capture of the prey was not observed, it was an undoubted case of an animal, accepted as being a hunter of its prey, deliberately and successfully luring its prey to it."

often been uncommonly accurate. Octopus kept in aquaria have been known to leave their tanks, when nobody was about, wander over to other tanks, and there steal the fish, later returning to their own "homes." If it loses an arm in escaping from an eel, an octopus will regrow the lost part, and some octopuses have been seen in which all eight arms showed signs of regrowth. Others can voluntarily cast off an arm. Victor Berge, who caught octopuses in bamboo cages and kept them in tidal pools, could never keep one for more than two hours, as it would tear itself to pieces. They would "act as if rage were their normal state. . . . I've seen one eating its own arms, dashing against coral, biting himself or anything else . . ."

This book is well worth reading.

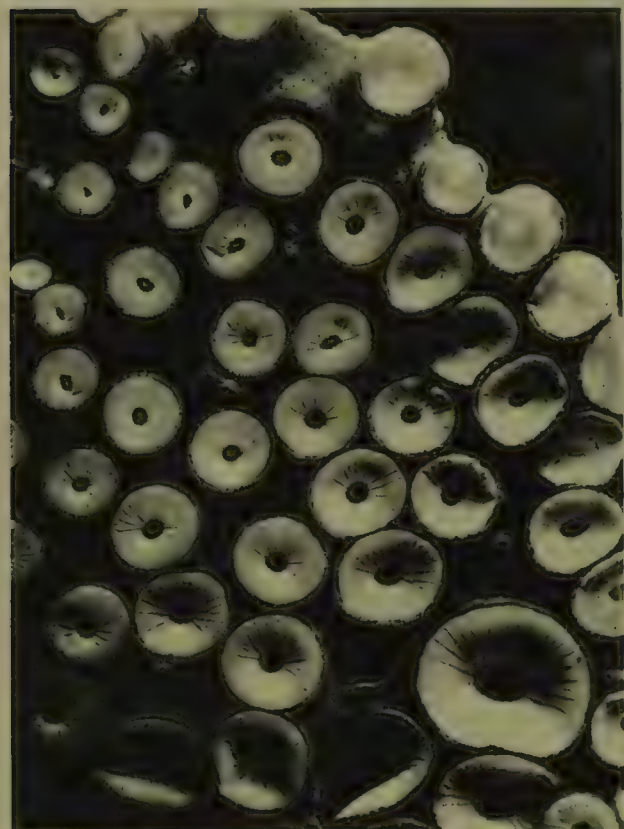
\* "Kingdom of the Octopus." By Frank W. Lane. Illustrated. (Jarrolds; 30s.)





STRANDED AT RANHEIM, NORWAY, IN OCTOBER 1954: A KRAKEN OR GIANT SQUID WITH AN OVERALL LENGTH OF NEARLY 30 FT. SPECIMENS HAVE BEEN CAPTURED WHICH HAVE BEEN NEARLY TWICE THIS LENGTH.

*Photograph by Erling Sivertsen.*



SUCKERS OF THE COMMON OCTOPUS (SHOWING SEVERAL ARMS HELD TOGETHER). UNLIKE THE STALKED SUCKERS OF SQUIDS, THOSE OF OCTOPUSES GROW ON LOW MOUNDS OF FLESH. [Photograph by Otto Croy.]



SHOWING THE TINY TEETH ON SOME OF THE LARGE SUCKERS: THE SUCKERS ON A TENTACLE OF THE COMMON SQUID.

*Photograph by Ronald F. Le Sueur.*

## DESCENDANTS OF AN ANCIENT LINEAGE: "HEAD-FOOTED" ANIMALS OF THE SEAS.



A COMMON OCTOPUS AT REST. SPECIMENS HAVE BEEN CAUGHT WHICH SPANNED 10 FT. AND WEIGHED 40 LB. [Photograph by Laurence E. Perkins.]



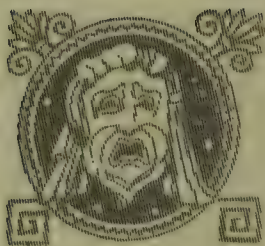
BROODING HER EGGS: A FEMALE COMMON OCTOPUS. THE EGG CLUSTERS HANG FROM THE ROOF IN BUNCHES. [Photograph: Marine Studios, Marineland, Florida.]

The cephalopods, literally the "head-footed" animals, include the octopus, cuttlefish and squid, as well as the pearly and paper nautilus or argonaut. In the cephalopods, relatives of the humble snail, the fleshy foot that carries that slow-moving mollusc over the ground has been transformed into a number of arms, beset with suckers, used in defence and offence. They are descendants of an ancient lineage with a history going back 400,000,000 years, and during that long span of time they have played a dominant rôle in the seas. The smallest of them is only a few inches long, but the largest measures at least 60 ft. overall and is capable of putting up a stout resistance to that other giant of the seas, the sperm whale, which feeds upon it. Whether small

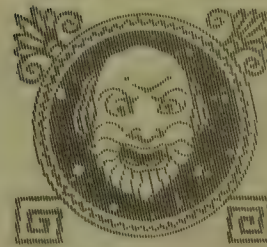
or large, octopus and squid move swiftly, strike rapidly, and have the power to cling tenaciously to prey or enemy alike. Although low in the animal scale they have an appearance of cunning which has not lessened the revulsion in which they are usually held, yet, in spite of this, the cephalopods often exhibit colours which cause some of them to be ranked as the most beautiful objects in the sea. In his book "Kingdom of the Octopus," Mr. Frank W. Lane tells the life-history of the Cephalopoda in a manner which is interesting to the layman and expert alike. This book, which is discussed by Dr. Burton on the facing page, includes a remarkable collection of photographs of cephalopods, some of which are reproduced on this and on the opposite page.

*Photographs reproduced from "Kingdom of the Octopus," by courtesy of the publishers, Jarrolds.*





## THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



### ALL OVER THE PLACE.

By ALAN DENT.

IN "He Who Must Die" we are in a mountainous corner of Greece in 1921, under Turkish occupation. The village is deeply and fervently concerned with the preparation of a Passion Play, and a young stammering shepherd has been chosen for the central figure. The Turkish Governor smiles amiably; the old unvenerable Greek land-owner is equally preoccupied with his own pleasures.

But profound trouble arrives with a wandering crowd of starving refugees who take up quarters on a nearby hillside. The Passion Players want to feed and succour the refugees, but the priests object, fearing political involvement and pretending to fear cholera. In the course of the dispute the young shepherd is stoned to death.

This is the merest and barest outline of a great and moving film which has been quarried by Jules Dassin out of what is obviously a tremendous novel. Its Greek author, Nikos Kazantzakis, died last month in West Germany, and the book has already appeared in English under the title "Christ Recrucified." The exceptional film-script is by André Obey. The film was made in Crete by a superlatively good company of French actors and with a most effectively used background of Cretan peasants. Personally, I shall make all decent haste to see it all over again. It is masterly; what is more, it is Dostoevskian.

But this film has been made by René Clair, which means that the treatment is of far more moment than the story. It is not M. Clair at his very best. But there are several episodes—particularly one in which children at play in the streets re-enact the recent crime, while the

### OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



PIERRE BRASSEUR AS JUJU, IN RENE CLAIR'S "PORTE DES LILAS."

In making his choice Alan Dent writes: "The distinguished French actor, M. Pierre Brasseur, will not be easily recognised in René Clair's new film, 'Porte des Lilas,' by those who have seen him recently on the Parisian stage as Edmund Kean (in Dumas's old play renovated by M. Sartre) or in M. Sartre's 'Le Diable et le Bon Dieu.' He is now to be admired as a short and shuffling Parisian drunkard who shelters an assassin in a cellar with a loyalty and a sympathy that are strained and eventually broken. It is a complete character-study, not at all unlike one of Sean O'Casey's but with an utterly French difference."

there among its derelict humanity, for this horrifying film was shot there last year by three young Americans using hidden cameras and microphones. I strongly suspect that the central figure—a young man from Kentucky who sinks to the level of Skid Row in his search for work and who declines to drink anything harder than beer—is an actor. But the actuality of almost everybody else is almost too credible, and the central figure's story gives the scheme a necessary cohesion. In his lowest depths he is lent a dime or two by a sodden old Irishman called Morgan. He begins to reflect that there may be an element of decency in the lowest nature. But then he is unaware that it was Morgan himself who had just stolen the last of his cherished possessions, his watch!

This is a very remarkable film, lasting an hour, and particular credit is due to Lionel Rogosin who was its chief director, and Carl Lerner who did the editing. It is revolting but it is compelling. See it, reader. It will squeeze the squeamishness out of you. One of its makers has written:—"We have tried to make an honest, compassionate record of some human beings in a state of prolonged crisis. If we caught something of the loneliness, the ignorance, the waste and futility of such lives, and communicated it to others, that will suffice." It more than suffices.



"A GREAT AND MOVING FILM": "HE WHO MUST DIE"—A SCENE SHOWING THE TURKS SACKING A GREEK VILLAGE. THIS FILM, PRODUCED BY JULES DASSIN, IS BASED ON THE LATE NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS'S NOVEL "CHRIST RECRUCIFIED." (LONDON PREMIERE: ACADEMY CINEMA, OCT. 25.)



A MOMENT OF GRIM HOPE IN "HE WHO MUST DIE": THE PEOPLE OF THE SACKED VILLAGE, LED BY THEIR PRIEST (JEAN SERVAIS) AND LUKAS (CARL MOHNER), VAINLY BEG FOR SHELTER IN THE MORE FORTUNATE VILLAGE, REHEARSING FOR ITS ANNUAL PASSION PLAY.

In "Porte des Lilas" we are under the roofs and in the streets of Paris to-day—in a poor and seamy East End quarter of the city. The whole neighbourhood is in a ferment of excitement because of the recent escape of a murderous gunman, alleged to be the handsomest assassin still at liberty. He has found refuge under the floorboards of a dilapidated house occupied by a shoulder-shrugging drunk called Juju (Pierre Brasseur) and a café guitarist with melancholy eyes and a sad moustache who is simply called The Artist (Georges Brassens). The murderer (Henri Vidal) repays Juju's kindness with perfidy, ingratitude, and even the theft of his pretty young woman from the nearest bistro (Dany Carrel); and he deserves his sticky end.

newspaper's report of it is being read aloud in the bistro—which are the sheerest Clair and therefore give the sheerest pleasure.

In "On the Bowery" we are in the notorious Skid Row area of New York—really and truly

Lastly, in "Les Girls" we are in Hollywood's idea of the world of Parisian music-hall, with Gene Kelly as a dancing actor-manager devoted in turn to three dancers, played ebulliently by Kay Kendall, piquantly by Mitzi Gaynor, and saucily by Taina Elg. The story, though by John Patrick, is unremarkable and unwitty. The music, though by Cole Porter, is sub-standard. The direction, though by George Cukor, is unenthusiastic. Some of the routines are vulgar without being funny. And one way and another, and not for the first time—for "Les Girls" was somebody's choice for the year's Royal Film Performance—we have to ask the ironic question:—"Wasn't this a dainty dish to set before the Queen?" "Les Girls," both as a choice and as an achievement, reflects no particular credit on anybody concerned.

### OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"A FACE IN THE CROWD" (Generally Released; November 11).—Big and American attack on the dangerous power of Television—directed by Elia Kazan. Rather too long, but not easy to forget.

"SMALL HOTEL" (Generally Released; November 4).—Small and British comedy, with Gordon Harker as an endearing rogue of a head-waiter and masterful Marie Löhr as his most regular customer.

"OMAR KHAYYAM" (Generally Released; November, 11).—Spectacular Persian sweetmeats, made in U.S.A., with Cornel Wilde as the astronomer-poet. FitzGerald, not to mention Omar, may turn in his grave at some of its goings-on.



# "THE TEN COMMANDMENTS": THE STORY OF MOSES IN A MAMMOTH FILM.



"AND SHE LAID IT IN THE FLAGS BY THE RIVER'S BRINK": MOSES' MOTHER (MARTHA SCOTT) PLACES THE ARK OF BULRUSHES WITH HER SON IN IT AMONG THE REEDS, AS HIS SISTER LOOKS ON.



WATCHED BY THE PHARAOH (YUL BRYNNER), HIS QUEEN (ANNE BAXTER), THEIR SON (EUGENE MAZZOLA) AND THE HIGH PRIEST (DOUGLASS DUMBRILLE): AARON'S ROD IS TURNED INTO A SNAKE.



THE SCOURGE OF THE ISRAELITES: THE PHARAOH, RAMESES II, PLAYED BY YUL BRYNNER, FAMED FOR HIS PART IN "THE KING AND I."



ONE OF THE MANY SPECTACULAR CROWD SCENES IN THE MAMMOTH FILM: THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL SURGING THROUGH THE PHARAOH'S CITY TOWARDS THE WILDERNESS IN THEIR EXODUS OUT OF EGYPT.



PREPARING TO LEAD HIS PEOPLE OUT OF EGYPT: MOSES, PLAYED BY CHARLTON HESTON, SEEN AS A HUMBLE SHEPHERD IN "THE TEN COMMANDMENTS," WHICH IS TO HAVE ITS LONDON PREMIERE ON NOVEMBER 28.



THE PHARAOH TURNS TO SEE HIS QUEEN BRING IN THEIR DEAD SON, A VICTIM OF THE TENTH AND THE MOST FEARFUL OF THE PLAGUES BROUGHT AGAINST EGYPT BY ALMIGHTY GOD—THE DEATH OF THE FIRSTBORN.



"AND THE WATERS RETURNED AND COVERED THE CHARIOTS": PHARAOH'S HOST IN PURSUIT OF THE ISRAELITES IS ENGLUFED BY THE CLOSING WATERS OF THE RED SEA IN A DRAMATIC SCENE FROM CECIL B. DEMILLE'S PRODUCTION.

Cecil B. DeMille is well known for his production of films on an enormous scale and in "The Ten Commandments" he has given us one of the most ambitious mammoth productions yet seen on the screen. Filmed in VistaVision and Technicolor, and running for over 3½ hours, Paramount's "The Ten Commandments" is to have its London premiere at the Plaza Theatre on November 28. H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester has arranged to attend this performance, which is in aid of the British Red Cross. The making of

this film has involved ten years of planning, three years of research and one of the longest Hollywood shooting schedules in film history, in addition to many months of filming in Egypt and the Sinai Peninsula. This is Mr. DeMille's seventieth film, and it is his second film entitled "The Ten Commandments," for in 1923 he produced and directed a silent film containing a Biblical prologue to a modern story. The cast of the present film includes Charlton Heston, Yul Brynner, Anne Baxter and Edward G. Robinson.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## EIGHTEEN-EIGHTIES.

By J. C. TREWIN.

**O**THELLO, Shylock, and the Duke of Plaza-Toro—now what have they in common? Any playgoer will—or ought to—reply that we meet them first in Venice, and I have often thought, in a contemplative fashion and a tranquil frame of mind, what an odd party they

to let everyone have a go at once: to get it over in a fairly short time. Then, when all the extravagances possible have been tried (and the operas, suddenly used as a "talking point," are in fashion again), it will be realised how charmingly right the old conventions were: these operas are miniatures, and precise miniatures, not vast, flourishing canvases.

his framework within which so many chameleon-changes take place: again, variations on a theme. As he says, the special limitations of a travelling repertory company can actually become advantages.

Certainly, from what I have seen of Mr. Goffin's designs, both on the stage and in his drawings, the D'Oyly Carte productions are going to look remarkably fresh and good. To quote from one of the least-played operas—Mr. Goffin has had no chance to design this yet—"Bravo! a capital plan! That's exceedingly neat and new!" (The company, at Golders Green until November 16, proceeds for a month to Streatham Hill.)

The members of Mr. Henry Mansfield's family would not have been able to see "The Gondoliers" (produced in 1889) on what I imagine were infrequent trips to London. Never mind. They probably went to "Iolanthe" (1882) and maybe to "Princess Ida" (1884). We find the dear people set down in 1884 in a provincial town. "Meet Me By Moonlight" (Aldwych) has been running since last August: I said then—it was produced while I was on holiday—that when it came to the point I might be calling it, unfairly, "Ill Met By Moonlight," hypnotised by a familiar quotation. Now, besides getting the title right, I can affirm that the Mansfields and their guests are good company in moonlight or out.

This gentle and diverting piece—moonshine, if you will—is simply a late-Victorian anecdote (by Anthony Lesser) to appropriate late-Victorian music. It is acted with appreciation: not as a mock, but as a thoroughly good-tempered comment on the period and its ways. Undoubtedly, it is a pleasure to see the light in Sophie Stewart's eyes as Aunt Tabby contemplates the once-fashionable crinoline; the resolution of Michael Denison as a sedate barrister who learns the way to woo; and the facial blend of artistic fervour and injured dignity when Ellis Irving, as Papa,



DESIGNER FOR THE D'OYLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY: MR. PETER GOFFIN, WHO HAS DEVISED A NEW SCENIC PLAN FOR THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS, SEEN AT WORK AMID HIS SCENE DRAWINGS.

Mr. Peter Goffin, who has devised a new scenic plan for the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, uses a composite setting, a framework within which a variety of changes may take place. This photograph shows Mr. Goffin, who is a West Countryman, at work. On the model stage behind him is the new set for the Cornish fishing village of Rederring in the first act of "Ruddigore." Around him are scene drawings for the other operas. His new "Patience" décor was seen at the Princes early this year. The D'Oyly Carte Company is about to follow a month's season at Golders Green with one at Streatham Hill.

might make one evening. I had not seen the Duke for some time before calling on him at Golders Green the other night. He was in high good humour—very naturally, with Peter Pratt to impersonate him—and the house was in good humour, too. When I noticed an appreciative smile on the face of the most learned Gilbert and Sullivan student I know, it seemed clear that all was well.

All? Well, nearly all. I was unsure of some of the casting. The Marco had an enchanting Welsh tenor—and, after all, why shouldn't a Welshman be a gondolier?—but his acting had a defiantly artificial waggishness that was sometimes a distraction. Throughout, though the singing was a joy, I did wish that the company could have bubbled more. It is not easy, least of all in so old a favourite as "The Gondoliers," to give the impression that you are doing it for the first time, but it does help, especially in the "cachucha, fandango, bolero."

Still, at Golders Green, and in the high traditions of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company—how very much we owe to D'Oyly Carte!—every word was audible; the score made us wonder, as usual, about the hyperbolic applause for so many transient "musical shows"; and at least three members of the cast showed how the opera should be acted: Peter Pratt, portentous, nimble, and decorative as Plaza-Toro; Ann Drummond-Grant as a *grande dame* straight from 1750; and Kenneth Sandford, a Grand Inquisitor who had clearly just emerged from a cask of old port, and who acted, as well as sang, with a mellow ease. No one could have been more equal to the intellectual pressure of the conversation. I would like to add him to our party. He can keep things going with an anecdote or so while Othello is moody, Shylock malign, and the Duke—newly registered under the Limited Liability Act—is considering a fresh issue of stock.

It is still, I am afraid, tiresomely fashionable to raise an eyebrow at Gilbert and Sullivan. It is also a fashion to look to the day, a few years ahead, when the operas will be out of copyright and anyone can stage them. As I suggested in a talk recently, it may be a good thing

His sets of Venice and Barataria (Sancho Panza's island), each of a civilised pictorial charm, can be replaced in a flash by—what you will—the village of Rederring, or Palace Yard, or Tower Green. The foundation is the same, but the variations appear to be infinite. I notice, by the way, that we are to have a new Rederring in "Ruddigore": I had my own ideas about the exact location of the previous village. The new one, though not to be identified on a map, is thoroughly Cornish, for Mr. Goffin is a West Countryman and will not allow any bluff.

He works from the basis that the operas are essentially a "family," and that something important is gained by having them acted by an established company identified with the various parts. In his view, the family idea must be extended to cover the visual effect. Just as, in the Gilbertian world, there is no essential difference between a First Lord of the Admiralty and a Japanese Lord High Executioner, so Titipu and Barataria are only different names for the same place. Hence Mr. Goffin's composite setting,

Everything said, it was a happy night. I have been led from my subject which was to have been the staging of the operas. Peter Goffin, who is one of the best designers in the country, has been keeping watch on the Gilbertian world for some time. He has now prepared for it a basic "unit" setting both ingenious and simple.



A SYMBOLICAL FANTASY OF AMAZING POWER: BARTOK'S "DUKE BLUEBEARD'S CASTLE," WHICH FORMED PART OF A NEW OPERATIC TRIPLE BILL PRODUCED AT SADLER'S WELLS ON OCTOBER 29, WITH SETS DESIGNED BY MR. MALCOLM PRIDE.

This scene from "Duke Bluebeard's Castle" shows Bluebeard (David Ward) with his three former wives embodying the three stages of his life. The production is by Miss Wendy Toye and the admirable sets are by Mr. Malcolm Pride.

is interrupted before his song is ended. The song, at a most decorous musical evening, is "I shot an arrow in the air."

The audience enjoyed itself—as it had every reason to—and I think particularly of a moment when Mr. Denison, under the moon, made a romantic, almost Byronic approach (does Venice creep in again?) to the matter of wooing. We can go to the topical "Princess Ida" and say that he charms Mary Ellen's senses "with verbal fences, with ballads amatory and declamatory." It has been pleasant to linger for a while in the eighteen-eighties.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

THE URALS ENSEMBLE (Drury Lane).—Russian Dance and Song Company. (November 11.)

"THE KIDDERS" (Arts).—Faith Brook and Lyndon Brook in a play by Donald Ogden Stewart. (November 12.)

"MADEMOISELLE JAIRE" (Oxford Playhouse).—A play by the Belgian dramatist, Michel de Ghelderode. (November 12.)

"BELLS ARE RINGING" (Coliseum).—Janet Blair in the American musical play. (November 14.)





A NOTABLE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER: *MOHINI*, AN INDIAN RHINOCEROS, WITH THE 100-LB. CALF TO WHICH SHE GAVE BIRTH ON OCTOBER 30.

AT a time when many people's thoughts were directed towards outer space an important birth was announced in this country. It was the birth of a female Indian rhinoceros, the first to be born in Britain. This happy event took place at Whipsnade, where hope, first kindled some sixteen months ago, only took obvious shape after a year. At last, on October 30, after sixteen months of gestation, *Mohini*, who came to Whipsnade from Assam in 1952, gave birth to a female calf which was estimated to weigh between 85 lb. and 100 lb. and was 1 ft. 10 ins. long. The calf's father is *Mohan*, who is six years older than *Mohini*, and was acquired in 1947. Both parents are noted for their great amiability, and motherhood has not changed *Mohini*. Whipsnade's success is not only a tribute to the scientific approach which was made to the problems connected with the difficulties of the breeding of this species in captivity, but is important at a time when these animals are in very real danger of becoming extinct. The first Indian rhinoceros to be bred in Europe was born in Basle Zoo over a year ago. Last January *Mohini* and *Mohan* were valued at £2200 each.

(Right.)  
ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST VALUABLE AND INTERESTING BABIES: THE FIRST INDIAN RHINOCEROS TO BE BORN IN BRITAIN, AND ONLY THE SECOND TO BE BRED IN EUROPE.



A GREAT ACHIEVEMENT AT WHIPSNAD: THE FIRST INDIAN RHINOCEROS TO BE BORN IN BRITAIN.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE CHOICE OF THE WEEK.

IT is hard to define the appeal of an innately modest writer, but one would almost have thought a "modest trilogy" a contradiction in terms. For that matter—having for some reason overlooked the blurb—I made my way through "Schloss Felding," by Edith de Born (Chapman and Hall; 14s.), with no idea or suspicion that there was more to come. It is a complete little work, yet also (when you adopt that point of view) an inviting prelude—even if the early years are to prove the most charming. They nearly always do in autobiography, fictitious or real, and here the initial charm of the archaic lengthens the odds. Yet this writer may bring it off; at least, we are safe from any banal kind of anti-climax.

But what makes her so anti-banal? The themes of "Schloss Felding" are Imperial Vienna and early love. Both have been done time and again, and reappear much as usual—inevitably, since "what is new is not true." Milli, the narrator, evokes the same old decadent aristocracy, futile and provincially self-absorbed, fiddling through the last days of its life. She herself is the "little Contesse," the youngest child of parents who would have been quite content with none, and whom she sees for a few minutes daily—when they don't happen to be away. Her mother is a society beauty; the Czech wet-nurse is mother to her. Indeed, Toni will always love her nursing better than her flesh and blood, the little love-child Frantischek in Bohemia. On the other hand, Milli has no sooner grown into a "big girl" and acquired a governess than she begins to avoid Toni and pretend she doesn't know Czech. This may well have been common form; the relation between her own mother and Toni's son is a curious embellishment, and perhaps another story. Now for the real drama. At the age of eleven, she overhears her mother talking with "Ernst," and gets her first invitation to Schloss Felding. And she never looks back. Her Prince is dark, slender, romantic. He has a wife, Anna, exquisitely beautiful at fourteen, but now deaf and old, fading from society like a ghost; and there are five boys, rather alarming playmates for a brotherless little girl. In the next four or five years, Milli becomes almost a daughter of the Schloss, and is resigned—apart from visiting Anna with fatal accidents—to love without hope. Then suddenly it can no longer be borne—

What gives all this its distinctive quality? Partly the grace-notes: for instance, the stories Toni read to the child, or the fleeting, magical appearance of the two yellow-haired servants, Pepi and Schani. And partly the quiet air of sincerity and precision.

## OTHER FICTION.

"The Grand Catch," by Gil Buhet (Cape; 15s.), is unfortunate in being a sequel. True, it has nothing in common with "The Honey Siege," except its half-dozen worthies (if one may include Victorin, the "Great Oaf"). Years have gone by, and even the scene is changed. The six boys have been chosen as monitors of a holiday camp in the Auvergne, under Georget's father the schoolmaster. They have scarcely arrived when M. Grillon goes down with measles, and the little "colonists" are ejected. But they have their tents, and Pierrot and his friends decide to lead on. A few migrations bring them to Rochelac, a half-dead, fairytale village overhanging the Doulonne; and there adventures come thick and fast. All in the same breath, they chum up with a trout-tickling curé, lose their holiday fund to a cow, and are completely isolated by a general strike. Pierrot has now to feed his boys without money. One resource (illegal) is the Doulonne. They go tickling again, only to fall into the power of that malign spirit, the water bailiff. And next day he is murdered.

Altogether a jolly book: a rich compound of humour, invention and romance. Only by now the little comrades of the Roussillon are too old—or not old enough, according to how you look at it; at any rate, they have their embarrassing moments. And the translation does not seem very happy.

"The Man on the Beach," by David Stuart Leslie (Hutchinson; 15s.), has an unusual setting, and rather an odd idea. Robert Collinwood is stationed in the Azores with the R.A.F. One day he is told someone has been looking for him—"that guy you keep drawing." But the "guy he keeps drawing" is nobody; he is "Achilles," once the projection of a boy's daydreams, and now protagonist of a strip-cartoon. In his earlier phase he absorbed one influence after another, starting with the head boy; and Collinwood runs through them in memory, trying to spot his visitor. As a story, this is ill-judged, but it has reality and promise.

"The Skin Trap," by William Mole (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 12s. 6d.), finds Casson Duker at the trial of a criminal psychotic. This time a young girl has been strangled. The guilty man would never even be seen if he kept his head down; but it pops up, and Casson is on to it in a flash. He dogs the suspect till he does something queer... once again his predictions are verified. Then comes the kindhearted phase—and after that the tale goes unexpectedly wild.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

I'VE been talking rather a lot lately. Let's have some chess for a change. Two games from the World Championship "zonal" tournament now in progress at Wageningen, Holland:

## QUEEN'S PAWN GAME, NIEMTSO—INDIAN DEFENCE.

DONNER	TROIANESCU	DONNER	TROIANESCU
Holland	Rumania	Holland	Rumania
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	9. KP×P	P×P
2. P-QB4	P-K3	10. B×BP	B-K2
3. Kt-QB3	B-Kt5	11. R-K1	P-QR3
4. P-K3	P-B4	12. B-R2	P-QKt4
5. B-Q3	Castles	13. P-Q5	P×P
6. Kt-B3	P-Q4	14. Kt×QP	Kt×Kt
7. Castles	Kt-B3	15. Q×Kt	B-Kt2
8. P-QR3	BP×P		

Of course not 15... Q×Q; 16. B×Q and to protect the attacked knight would still allow 17. B×Kt followed by 18. R×B.

After the irruption of White's rook next move, it is all over, and it might be thought that by contesting the king's file now, Black might have made a fight of it; but I believe his game is hopeless already, as 20... QR-K1 could have been met by 21. B×Pch! e.g., 21... R×B; 22. R×Rch, mating next move; or 21... K-R1; 22. R×R or 21... K×B; 22. Q×RP mate.

21. R-K7 Q-Q3 22. K-R1  
Black threatened 22... Kt-K7ch and 23... Q×R, mating. His next may seem a simple blunder—but try to find anything better!

22... Q-QB3 23. R×B Kt-B4  
Not 23... Q×R; 24. B-B6, mating.

24. B-Q5 Q-B7 25. R-QB1 Q-K7  
Or 25... Kt×Q; 26. R×Q, R×R; 27. B×Kt; White has two pieces for a rook and his QB1 square is guarded against the threat of mate.

26. B×Pch! Resigns

From the same round. A curious French Defence which becomes a board-wide stodge.

SZABO	ORBAAN	SZABO	ORBAAN
Hungary	Holland	Hungary	Holland
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-K4	P-K3	12. Kt-B2	P-Kt5
2. Q-K2	P-QB4	13. P-B4	Q-B2
3. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	14. Kt-B3	P-QR4
4. P-KKt3	P-Q3	15. Kt-K3	KR-Q1
5. B-Kt2	Kt-B3	16. P-Kt4	Kt-Q5
6. Castles	B-K2	17. Q-KB2	B-B3
7. P-B3	Castles	18. P-Kt5	Kt×Ktch
8. P-Q3	B-Q2	19. Q×Kt	Kt-Q2
9. QKt-Q2	R-B1	20. Q-R5	P-Kt3
10. Kt-K1	P-QKt4	21. Q-R3	P-R4?
11. P-KB4	Q-R4		

Loosening up his king's side fatally. It seems to me he can seriously have considered only the reply 22. P×P e.p., which leaves the position rather blocked. But Szabo is too seasoned a campaigner not to perceive the attractions of a more grandiose break-up.

22. P-B5 KP×P 24. Q×B Kt-K4  
23. P×P B×B 25. Kt-Q5 Q-R2  
Now his weakened king's side is becoming denuded of defending pieces (25... Q-Q2?—to try to get there—26. Kt-Kt6).

26. P×P P×P 28. Q-K4 R-B4  
27. B-B4 R-B1 29. B×Kt Resigns

Sudden, but quite justified. After 29... P×B; 30. R×R, P×R; 31. Q×P (either!), the black king is oh! so lonely in an Arctic waste.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## A POET'S YOUTH; FISHES; SICILY; AND LONDON.

ON May 23, 1911, Mr. Richard Church lost a third of his first month's wages—a whole golden sovereign—down the gutter as he stopped to buy a bloater for supper on his way home. This, for those who have not read "Over the Bridge," to which "The Golden Sovereign" (Heinemann; 18s.) is a sequel, places Mr. Church in his class and period. It was, he tells us later, "a rougher, more brusque society, that of the lower middle class at the turn of the century." But there is nothing rough or brusque about Mr. Church himself or his art. He writes with gentleness and perception, tenderly but without sentimentality. Very few writers can be trusted, to describe their own late adolescence without indulging in capers and attitudes.

They smirk and they simper; or else they snarl and they shout. Mr. Church tells us quietly what he and his family and friends did and thought. They had difficulties and troubles enough, but the wine-press of their blended experiences has, under Mr. Church's treading, brought out a sound, honest vintage—not a neurosis in a hogshead. It is true that once or twice the author attributes a certain stress in his attitude to women to the fact that as a boy of sixteen he had to nurse his mother through her last illness, but he states a fact and accepts the consequence. What a vile mountain some modern writers would have made out of this mole-hill! Mr. Church's portraits are like those of Dickens, without the thick, gaudy colours and caricature. His father, jauntily making for "the open road" on a tandem or motor-bicycle; his brother, brooding silently over his music and his engagement; the "mezzosoprano," with her ambition, her flirtatious advances and retreats; the step-sister who laughed on G sharp; the officials of the Custom House—all these will live in the memory like Betsy Trotwood or Mr. Cheeryble. Some of the incidents, too, are pure Dickens—or rather, Dickens decanted off his lees. Could there be anything better than Mr. Church's description of himself, sporting a "deep-green velvet coat, with a loose bow tie of wide black ribbon," passing through Billingsgate Market on his way to his first morning's work as an established civil servant? Inevitably, he collided with, and upset, a fish-porter. "Billingsgate Market sighed. It knew what was coming: the raised sword of imprecation, long, heavy, sharp with every cruel and blasphemous invective that had ever been forged in ships and further whetted in Cockneydom... Goliath's scrutiny at least rested on my face. He looked me in the eye, his great loose lips contorted, and he spoke.

"Now, you've done it!" he said.  
Besides humour, Mr. Church's latest essay in autobiography exhibits—the conclusion is inescapable—beauty, sincerity and truth. If that is regarded, in these days, as a denunciation, so be it. I denounce.

I have a large measure of the same kind of unfashionable praise for "Anglers' Fishes and Their Natural History," by Eric Taverner (Seeley, Service and Co.; 35s.), a most welcome addition to the Lonsdale Library. "I know two things about the horse," wrote a sad cynic, "and one of them is rather coarse." But Mr. Taverner knows eighteen things about Atlantic salmon in Europe, and all of them are fascinating. He tells us about most of the less aristocratic English fish as well as about salmon and trout, wresting their secrets from them as though he were some scientific White Knight questioning an aged man a-sitting on a gate:

("Come, tell me how you live," I cried,  
"And what it is you do!")

There is, apparently, no anatomical evidence that fish can hear—in the accepted sense of that word. On the other hand, they have as fine a mass-sense as a flock of starlings. This book is the work of a scholar, but the poetry shared by all anglers is never very far away. Its 200 superb illustrations are a joy in themselves.


Theatre-lovers will enjoy browsing in the second edition of "The Oxford Companion to the Theatre," edited by Phyllis Hartnoll (O.U.P.; 45s.), and learning many curious facts, such as that the name of the first English actress is not known, but that she played Desdemona in 1660. There is a supplement adding such entries as Ashcroft, Devine, Fernald, Redgrave, Ustinov, and (for good measure) Yugoslavia. This is a magnificent production, and beautifully illustrated.

Professor Bernabò Brea has written, in "Sicily" (Thames and Hudson; 21s.), the whole story of the island from Palæolithic days to the eighth century B.C. In the earliest times, Sicily was roamed by dwarf elephants and giant dormice. It all sounds rather uncomfortable, and many readers will feel more at home with the author's descriptions of the weapons and pottery of the later periods.

Personally, I should have counted ten before calling London "The Vanished City" (Hutchinson; 63s.), but I suppose it depends what you are looking for. The compilers of this superb production, Messrs. Oliver Lawson Dick and Robert Carrier, were seeking the beauties which inspired such a poet as William Dunbar to write, at the close of the fifteenth century: "London, thou art of townes *A per se*." These exist now only in engravings, the best of which are reproduced in this noble—I think that is the right word—collection. How much we have lost!

E. D. O'BRIEN.





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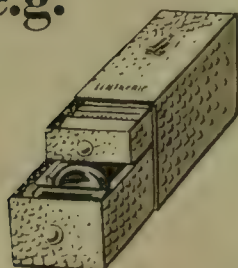
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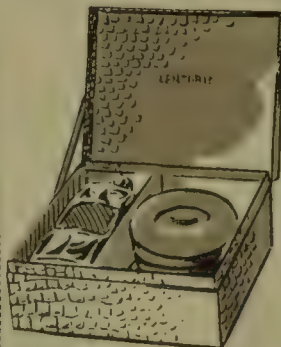
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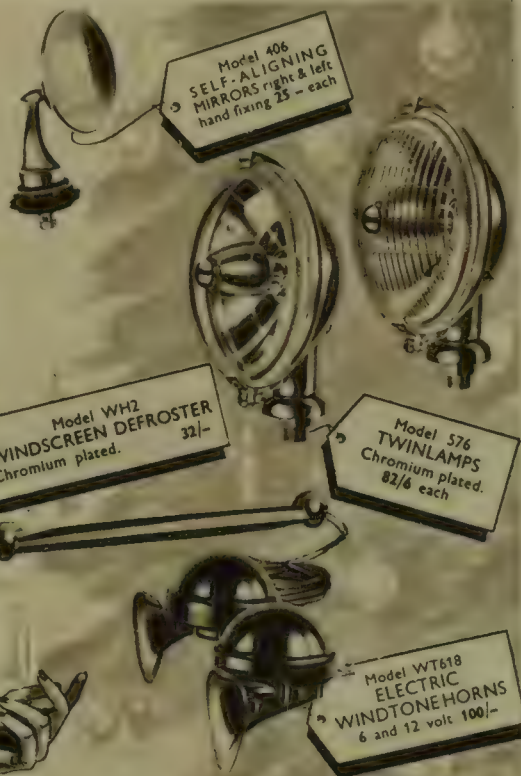


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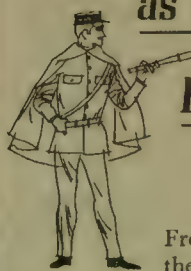
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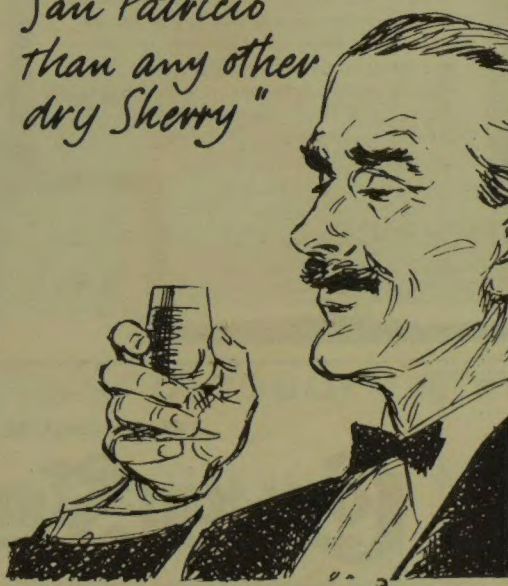


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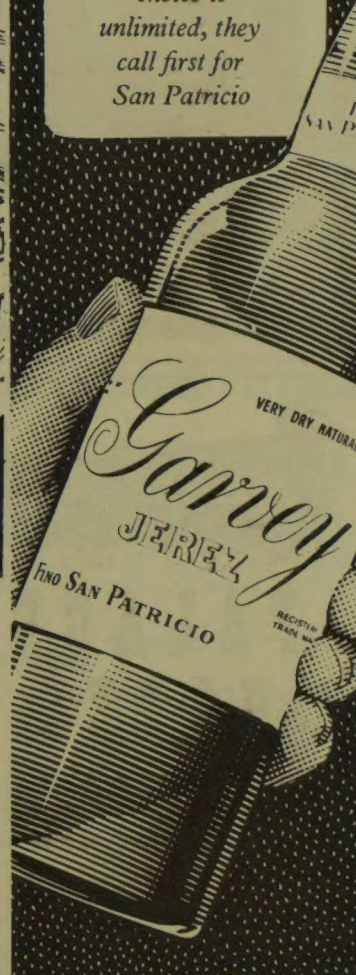


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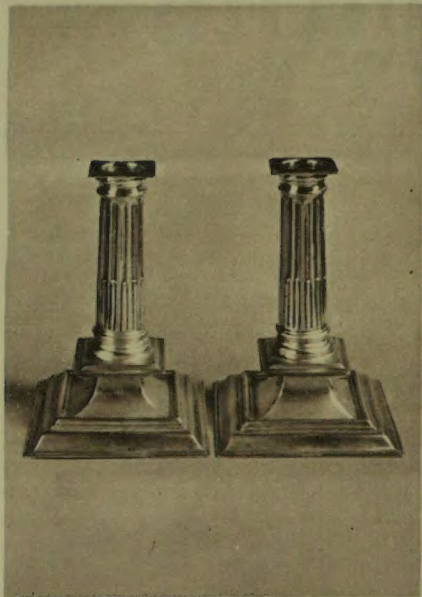
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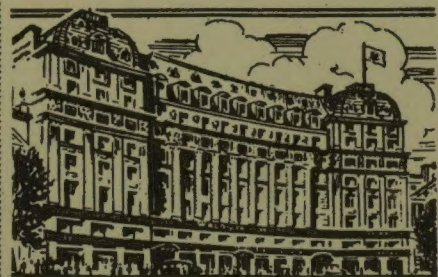
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